JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII No. 432. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914 ONE PENNY

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4402261

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Ask your local jeweller for the

JOHN BULL WAR BADGE

It is a unique design specially made for John Bull readers.

Price 1s., in real Enamel.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, write direct to the—

JOHN BULL Co.,

56, Northampton Street, Birmingham,

enclosing Postal Order for 1s. 2d., when it will be sent post free

Kaiser Bill to "hack his way,"
With his troops went out one day.
Thinking that he had a chance
To sneak through Belgium into France.
After that he meant to be
Lord of earth and air and sea;
Sad to say a well-aimed shell
Knocked poor Billy in o —— Jerlin.

Had Yours Yet?

If not, don't delay

CUT OUT THE COUPON

On this Page —NOW

JOHN BULL PEN.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week EIGHTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the week done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—

TOM BENNETT, "Walford," Bellclose-rd., W. Stanton. August 8. 194,756.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 5th:—

0 057281	251787	455069	660884	850781
0 16302	255836	476556	667870	871448
0 82218	277286	514068	694129	891640
0 72967	287549	520056	712063	911316
102360	290670	532031	727696	924602
155046	294089	540233	753827	960035
187999	354552	577879	778894	994720
194651	378028	594129	818257	A010061
218667	400031	615233	820196	A094338
234030	450848	625622	845736	A185762

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published September 16th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. September 12, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"JOHN BULL" ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, September 19.

Mark Only 6 Away Wins	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
	Tottenham H.	v.	Burnley
	Newcastle United	v.	Bradford City
	Middlesbro'	v.	Chelsea
	Sheffield United	v.	Everton
	Aston Villa	v.	West Bromwich A.
	Liverpool	v.	Sheffield Wednesday
	Bradford	v.	Sunderland
	Oldham Athletic	v.	Notts County
	Manchester United	v.	Blackburn Rovers
	Bolton Wanderers	v.	Manchester City
	Preston North End	v.	Bury
	Notts Forest	v.	Bristol City
	Leicester Fosse	v.	Huddersfield
	Barnsley	v.	Grimsby Town
	Glossop	v.	Birmingham
	Wolverhampton W.	v.	Lincoln
	Fulham	v.	Derby County
	Stockport County	v.	Arsenal
	Hull City	v.	Clapton Orient
	Leeds City	v.	Blackpool
	Cardiff City	v.	Brighton and Hove
	Exeter City	v.	Gillingham
	Luton Town	v.	Norwich City
	Portsmouth	v.	West Ham United
	Swindon Town	v.	Plymouth A.
	Southend United	v.	Watford
	Queen's Park R.	v.	Northampton
	Millwall Athletic	v.	Southampton
	Bristol Rovers	v.	Reading
	Croydon C.	v.	Crystal Palace

I enter JOHN BULL Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

Address .....

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Entrance Form must be cut, not torn out.

READ RULES CAREFULLY.

1. When you have made up your mind which six "away" teams will win, put a X in front of each of the six matches in which you forecast an "away" win. Only six matches may be marked on any single coupon.
2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided. Cut out the coupon and address it to "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark the envelope in top left-hand corner, FOOTBALL Contest No. 2, and send to reach us not later than Friday, September 18.
3. The sum of £500 will be paid to the competitor whose coupon contains the correct results as published in the "Sporting Life" of six matches played to a finish on September 19 in which six "away" teams win. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving six correct results, a cash prize of £250 will be paid to the competitor sending in a coupon with one error only. In the event of neither of these prizes being won, we shall in any case award £100 to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, whatever the number, and £50 to the sender of the most correct forecast on a Mauve Coupon taken from "Mary Bull," provided such coupon does not win or share the £500, £250, or £100.
4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.
5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.
6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £500, the £250 or the £100, as well as the special £50 Mauve Coupon prize, will be equally divided.
7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

The Closing Date is Friday, September 18.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors who are desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

Away	Home Team.		Away Team.	Away	Home Team.		Away Team.
	Tottenham H.	v.	Burnley		Wolver. W.	v.	Lincoln
	Newcastle U.	v.	Bradford C.		Fulham	v.	Derby C.
	Middlesbro'	v.	Chelsea		Stockport C.	v.	Arsenal
	Sheffield U.	v.	Everton		Hull C.	v.	Clapton O.
	Aston Villa	v.	W. Brom. A.		Leeds C.	v.	Blackpool
	Liverpool	v.	Sheffield W.		Cardiff C.	v.	B'ton & H. A.
	Bradford	v.	Sunderland		Exeter C.	v.	Gillingham
	Oldham A.	v.	Notts C.		Luton T.	v.	Norwich C.
	Manchester U.	v.	Blackburn R.		Portsmouth	v.	West Ham U.
	Bolton W.	v.	Manchester C.		Swindon T.	v.	Plymouth A.
	Preston N.E.	v.	Bury		Southend U.	v.	Watford
	Notts F.	v.	Bristol C.		Queen's Park R.	v.	Northampton
	Leicester F.	v.	Huddersfield		Millwall A.	v.	Southampton
	Barnsley	v.	Grimsby T.		Bristol R.	v.	Reading
	Glossop	v.	Birmingham		Croydon C.	v.	Crystal P.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 432. Week ending Saturday, September 12th, 1914. One Penny.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PATRIOTIC RALLY.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE,

Monday next, September 14th, at 8 o'clock.

PRINCIPAL SPEAKER:

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY *(Editor of JOHN BULL).*

ADMISSION FREE.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Recruiting Campaign.

As we imagined, the utilisation of the Party machinery for the purpose of stirring the country to a sense of its responsibility is not working well. The whole thing is being bungled, as usual. Just think of the newspapers recording, with a sense of pride, the fact that the result of the Prime Minister's great meeting at the Guildhall was the enrolment of one hundred recruits! Had the meeting been properly organised, and the right kind of people got there, the figure should have been at least one thousand. We confess that we are not particularly thrilled by the official list of the names of the orators who are to continue the campaign. In these circumstances, we have decided to take a hand ourselves.

Our Meeting.

We shall begin with a great mass meeting, under our own auspices and direction, at the London Opera House, on Monday evening next, the 14th inst. The proceedings will commence at 8 o'clock, and admission to all parts of the house will be free. We have not time before going to press to announce further details, but everybody will know all about them before the end of the week.

A Recruiting Play.

Following Monday's meeting, on Tuesday the Opera House will be utilised for the purpose of presenting a great patriotic recruiting play—"England Expects"—in which Mr. Seymour Hicks will take the leading part. The "book" is being written by one of the most successful dramatists of modern times, and the programme will be unique. If we do not rope in several hundred recruits a day we will "eat our hat"! Oh, for a BUSINESS CAMPAIGN!

A Word with Japan.

We are sure Japan has the will to help us to the uttermost of her power. Then why should not we invite her to send her splendid fleet to the Mediterranean and co-operate with our own ships? Such aid would be invaluable; we press the suggestion upon the Admiralty.

An Ideal Hospital Base.

Have the War Office overlooked "Bungalow Town," with its three miles of detached bungalows, stretching from Shoreham to Worthing, and with direct access from the sea to Shoreham Harbour?

Another Word with the Admiralty.

Is it true that amongst the contractors for the supply of fire extinguishing appliances to the Admiralty is the German firm of Minimax Limited? Are there no British manufacturers available?

German-Owned Picture Palaces.

We note that British audiences in London are still supporting German-owned picture palaces. As there are many picture shows under British control and management "just as good," this is very wrong.

"Interesting"!

From the "Agony" column of *The Times*, September 3rd:—

> INTERESTING.—For SALE, 'TIMES' HISTORY of SOUTH AFRICAN WAR; seven vols.; mostly uncut.

They *must* have been interesting!

"Name!"

Will Lord Northcliffe please tell us who *is* Mr. A. J. Dawe, who recently contributed a special article in praise of our enemy to the *Daily Mail*, under the title of "Things Seen in the German Lines"? Any relation to "An Artist" who recently wrote "My Day's March with the German Army"?

The Church and Ourselves.

Here we are again! The *Hull Times* of August 29th says: "A Text from JOHN BULL.—On Sunday morning the Rev. W. J. Peacey, Vicar of Newington, took his text from a par. in JOHN BULL." This time, however, we gather that our reverend reader was not altogether in agreement with the text. We are highly flattered, all the same, by his attention. And here is more clerical recognition: The Rev. J. E. Roscoe, author of the "Dictionary of Educationalists," and other well-known works, writes: "Permit me to thank you for the splendid articles you are giving us on the War—more especially for your article on 'God's Stocktaking.' It ought to be read by every Britisher." This sort of thing is becoming quite embarrassing to us!

John Bull's Great Patriotic Rally, Monday next, at 8 o'clock.

"Nourishing the Enemy."

Under the above heading, in a recent issue we demanded of a firm calling themselves Roberts and Roberts, of 63, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., an explanation of their advertisement for a German clerk. It now transpires that "Roberts and Roberts" are a couple of Germans who pose as "Employment Experts." A loyal Dutchman called on them a few days ago in reply to their advertisement, and to his amazement was confronted, not with an English firm, as their style might imply, but with two typical Teutons, whose knowledge of English was so slight that the conversation was conducted in German. Their first request was a demand for a preliminary fee of 10s., which, we are glad to say, was not forthcoming, and then the conversation was led round to the war, in the course of which the Dutch applicant was sedulously pumped. He promised to call again the next day with the 10s., but, instead, proceeded to the police station near by and left some interesting information with the officer in charge, who, we are pleased to say, has done his duty, the two mysterious individuals being now under arrest. So much for "Roberts and Roberts," who, in the guise of an English firm, are, or were, not only doing their best to "spoil the Egyptians" to the tune of 10s., but also to pick up little bits of information likely to be of use to the savage German hordes, their countrymen, who at this moment are staining Europe with noble blood and polluting it with their own.

Cash, Please!

We are loth to criticise any well meant effort for relieving the distress which is already rife amongst us, but it must at once be said that gratuitous labour can be accepted only from those who cannot otherwise assist, and even then it must be organised with extreme caution. The vital importance of this rule must be obvious to the most purblind observer. The woman who of her charity stitches a garment which would otherwise be made by a hired seamstress is all unwittingly robbing her poorer sister of a job, and driving her back upon the resources of relief. From the vicious circle thus instituted there is no possible escape. The prime need of the moment is not voluntary work, but money for the employment of surplus labour at economic rates. Once let these simple facts be grasped and we shall hear little more of fanciful projects for the formation of "Dorcas Guilds," and the like, while humble sewing women want for bread. We need cash to set these idle hands at busy work again. "So pass the hat, for your credit's sake, and pay, pay, pay!"

A Helpful Hint.

A lady reader advances a helpful suggestion. Speaking with inside knowledge, she declares that at a certain fashionable costumier's establishment in London where over a hundred women are normally employed, wholesale dismissals are imminent. No blame attaches to the management, who are faced with an almost entire collapse of their trade. By the middle of this month less than a dozen women will be able to cope with the orders on hand. Among those who will be compelled to "stand off" are many with children and other dependents. Says our correspondent:—"Cannot you appeal to the controllers of the Prince of Wales' Fund so that this class of women workers can get some sewing to earn their food?" We gladly publish the suggestion, which we earnestly commend to the attention of the relief authorities. Meanwhile, it is possible that some of our charitably disposed readers may be able to offer suitable assistance. We will furnish particulars upon demand.

Tommy's Teeth.

Many dental surgeons—prominent among them being Dr. Goldberg, of 27, New Cavendish Street, W.—have patriotically offered to overhaul the teeth of Army recruits without fee or reward. Up to the present, however, it does not appear that the War Office has thought it worth while to provide any effective dental service upon its own account. This omission is the more regrettable seeing that hundreds of likely fellows are being turned away from the recruiting stations on no other ground but that of defective dentition. Much wastage would obviously be avoided if candidates for service, otherwise sound, could be at once passed on to a dentist for the necessary molar repairs. Moreover, there are doubtless many regular soldiers who would be happier and healthier and in every way "fitter" for a little dental attention. Indeed, it is said that at the time of the South African War many of our men were invalided home solely on account of defective teeth.

War Lord and the Press.

Sooner or later it was inevitable that there should be a row about the Press gag at the War Office. The Press Bureau has done its work with laborious care and under heavy responsibilities; but its exasperating reticence and its unilluminating disclosures have been due to its instructions from the War Office, which has rammed home the censorship almost to suffocation. The truth is that, so far as it can be used as an instrument to serve the purposes of the war staff, Lord Kitchener is tolerant of the Press; so far as it is a mere gatherer and disseminator of "news from the front," he regards it as a thundering nuisance. This has always been our War Lord's attitude. The object of war, he thinks, is certainly not to sell ha'penny papers, or, for that matter, penny ones either; but in this Armageddon affair, we think suppression has been carried to extremes. Still, we would fain hope that Kitchener knows best.

The Brighton West Pier Band.

We are sorry if in a recent paragraph we did any injustice to this excellent band, by not unnaturally assuming from the name of its conductor, Mr. Vorzanger, and the fact that it includes several Russians, a Rumanian, and a Dutchman, that it was not quite as British an institution as one would wish for in these days—especially as, at any rate until a few weeks ago, it was always known as the "Blue Hungarian Band." We are now assured, however, that Mr. Vorzanger has been a naturalised Englishman for several years, and that the majority of the band are English. In these circumstances, we "withdraw our allegation"—and the next time we go to Brighton we will "defy the alligator." Meanwhile, we hope visitors will understand that Mr. Vorzanger is now one of ourselves.

Coincidence and Prophecy.

Here is an arithmetical view of the war as one of our readers sees it: Accession of William I. of Germany, 1849. Add 1, 8, 4, 9 to "1849" and the sum is 1871, the time of the Franco-German war. Add again successively 1, 8, 4, 9, and the sum is 1893, date of the death of William I. Add still again successively 1, 8, 4, 9, and the sum is 1915, date of the end of the German Empire. And of William II., let us hope.

Challenging the Kur.

At the time of going to press we have not heard whether Kur Hardie has accepted the challenge of Mr. Alfred Edmonds, a native and prominent citizen of Merthyr Tydfil, to resign his seat and contest an election on the justice and righteousness of the war. But, knowing something of the breed, and taking into consideration the fact that £400 a year is attached to his job, we prophesy that the reply will be "Nothin' doin'."

£250 for a "Bullet." Special War Prizes again offered. See page 24.

Chilly Charity.

As our readers will have gathered, a number of disquieting reports have reached us with regard to the treatment meted out to applicants for relief at the various local centres of the National Fund. In some instances methods have been employed which savour of Poor Law administration in its most unlovely aspects, while in far too many cases there has been a deplorable absence of sympathy and tact. We are credibly informed that at a West London centre a soldier's wife needing temporary relief—her husband had gone to the front—was subjected to a wholly irrelevant catechism, not only concerning her recent mode of life, but actually harking back to the days before her marriage. Upon her admission that with three children to support she was living in two rooms, she was promptly urged to "economise" by moving into one. This, we are sorry to say, is by no means the only complaint we have received, it being, indeed, to a large extent typical of many. We are convinced that such methods were never within the contemplation of the charitable donors to the Fund, and we venture to assert that most of them would double their donations rather than permit such niggardly administration to continue.

Steady, Lewisham!

We earnestly suggest to the Lewisham Borough Council that this is emphatically not the time for the wholesale issue of summonses for municipal rates. Public authorities with unlimited credit behind them can far better afford to wait a bit for their money than can private traders, and any suggestion of undue pressure at this juncture will be acutely resented. The position at Lewisham is aggravated by the fact that legal process has been issued, not only in respect of arrears of rates, but of current instalments, which, though technically "payable on demand," are rarely enforced till the expiry of the quarter for which they are levied. For the premature exaction of these payments the Borough Council must share the blame with the local Magistrates, without whose authority no summonses could, of course, have been issued. We have reason to know that there is already a good deal of distress in the Borough, and we regret that it should have been aggravated by the action of the public authorities.

War, Work, and Wages.

Increasing evidence is reaching us that the subscriptions which many employers are making to the War Fund are being filched from the wages of their employees. In other words, employees are being made to do the same or heavier work at greatly reduced wages, while the employers are advertised to the public as examples of fine feeling and generous self-sacrifice. They would be doing a great deal more for their country, but would probably make a great deal less profit, by withholding these subscriptions and paying their workers the wages proper to them. Names are before us, and if we hear much more of this sort of thing we shall not hesitate to put the delinquents in the stocks.

A Recruit for Kitchener.

An ex-soldier, single, and under 30 years of age, who is now serving a detention term in a certified inebriate reformatory, makes an unusual appeal to us. He wishes to be released, in order to rejoin the ranks and take part in the war. He tells us that he has written to the War Office, who have replied that they cannot interfere. We hope Lord Kitchener will reconsider this man's case—if, indeed, he has ever had it placed before him. Some of the "Iron Duke's" best soldiers in the Peninsula war were hard drinkers.

Are You Fit?

We have downright sympathy with the man who, anxious to serve his country in the spirit of our last week's article, feels himself fit and tough in every fibre, and is yet "turned down" by the doctors on account of some trifling deficiency in height, girth, weight, or dental equipment. On the other hand, it is easy to appreciate Lord Kitchener's determination that the first 100,000 men of his New Army shall as far as possible consist of the pick and flower of the nation's manhood. Standards there must necessarily be in matters of physique, and every standard must in the nature of the case be an arbitrary one. Later on there will doubtless be a slight relaxation of the present physical requirements, and then the chance will come for thousands of sturdy fellows who just now are left to eat their hearts out at home. Meanwhile, some little misconception appears to exist as to the "stiffness" of the present examination. We understand that half-an-inch "grace" is allowed in chest measurement, while a few black teeth are no bar unless the decay is so advanced as to threaten digestive disorder. And remember, no man of serviceable age has a right to plead physical unfitness till he has stripped to the Army doctor. "Malingering" is treason, with the Empire at death grips.

A Suggestion.

From a Romford reader:—

> I am just writing to make a little suggestion *re* old JOHN BULLS. Mine have accumulated for some time past now. I should think I had quite one hundred and fifty copies, and as we have something like 5,000 Territorials temporarily stationed at Romford, a friend of mine was asked if she had any old books she had finished with for the soldiers to read to pass the time away, and she spoke to me about the same, so I have sent all the old JOHN BULLS I had, and they simply swarmed round for them. So if you could spare just a small portion of your paper and put this suggestion in I dare say there are several people who have many of your valuable papers and would be pleased to do the same as I have, and also with *Mary Bulls*.

We may add that we have already offered Lord Kitchener a weekly parcel of current issues for the troops.

The *Goeben* and *Breslau*.

Putting aside the fantastic theory mentioned in our last issue, we are far from satisfied with the way the Turkish Government dealt with these two ships. They should have been interned, not purchased. The law on the subject is clear: A ship may still be an enemy ship even after a sale to a neutral power, whether the sale took place immediately before or during a war, unless such transfer was absolutely *bona-fide* and was completed by payment of the whole purchase money. We should like to know what steps the Government has taken to ascertain the facts of the case.

Poison for Swansea.

From month to month the Swansea District Council have procrastinated in taking action in respect of the dangerous nuisance arising from the Swansea Vale Spelter Works at Llansamlet. A second calcining furnace has now been installed, and the position is that about twice the quantity of smoke fumes and poisonous metals in dry powder are thrown into the atmosphere and carried by wind currents in all directions. Apart from the serious danger of the people in the vicinity of the works being attacked by lead poisoning from eating green food grown in their gardens, there is to be considered the grave risks to animal life as well; in fact, it is not possible to estimate the eventual effects of this widespread pollution of the atmosphere.

Don't forget the Pen Coupon. On page 2 of cover.

THE MILLS OF GOD ARE GRINDING.

BRITAIN'S DIVINE DESTINY—THE BUTCHER OF BERLIN—ENGLAND AND EUROPE—THE LIGHT AHEAD.

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small!" Aye, friend, and the slower they grind the smaller they crush. And that is why Kaiser William the Second—the Butcher of Berlin—will assuredly be crushed, utterly and for everlasting. Let there be no atom of doubt on that point. The early incidents of the present war have no more bearing on the ultimate issue than had the events of that black week, fifteen years ago, when we were at grips with the Boers. All you have to do is to take the simple fact that the mad war fever of the German Emperor has brought him into mortal conflict with seven hundred millions of human beings—a figure which may at any moment, by the accession of China and Italy, be increased by a further four hundred and fifty millions. Then reflect that this vast figure includes the whole of the British Empire—still far and away the richest and most powerful in the world—the French and Russian nations, and the wonderful little people of Japan; and you will realise that, in the guise of its Protector, the great God of Battles is luring the German race to destruction. What matters it, therefore, if to-day or to-morrow its troops be in Paris—or if yesterday they were in Brussels or Louvain? "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform"; and the wonder He is now performing is the riddance of Europe, and mankind, of the Teutonic menace to His Scheme of Things. That scheme, as clearly as human intelligence can comprehend anything, was and is that, for good or ill, He has placed the destiny of the Earth in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the Latins as their natural allies. All else is accidental, or caprice; it cannot affect the final order of the world. And but for our own folly that order would never have been challenged. He has, indeed, been a patient God to have tolerated us. There must have been times when, looking down upon our false religions and our fraudulent politics—our commercial apathy and our social shams—He must have pondered whether we were worthy of the great trust; there must have been moments when He turned His eyes to the East, and hesitated whether one of the old Oriental peoples might not, after all, be better fitted for the task. *But He has decided to give us another chance*—on condition that now, at last, we do our part. What *is* our part? Listen. *We must bring into play all that is best in us.* No more humbug—no more tomfoolery. Hitherto we have been a pack of children, hanging on to the apron strings of "the State," trusting to be kept good by Act of Parliament; placing our souls in the keeping of the parson, and our civic responsibilities in the hands of the politician. *Now* we have to act as grown-up men, conscious of the dignity of our heritage and of the world-wide duty it entails. We have to cease our petty wrangles, to recognise our mutual obligations—one towards another—and to civilisation at large. In short, we have to live up to the glorious maxim, *Civis Britannicus sum.* If *we* do that, God will do His part. He will crush the German monster. He will smash the Berlin Butcher.

THE BUTCHER OF BERLIN.

Yes, that is his proper description—the Butcher of Berlin. All idea of German civilisation has gone; it has been shattered for ever; and dear old Haldane need not waste any more tears over Schiller and Goethe. Take the sacking and destruction of Louvain—an open, undefended town in Brabant, which has hitherto been known to scholars throughout the world as the Oxford of Belgium. Its monuments, its university, its library, its stately churches, its priceless art treasures, have all been ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed by the brutal savages of the Kaiser. Henceforth, let the word "German" stand for the ideas which it will connote—vandalism, ignorance, brutality and cowardice—and, above all, for cowardice—for what can be more dastardly, more truly akin to the cruelty of the savage, than to wreak vengeance, after defeat, upon the innocent and the defenceless? Our soul is fired with burning indignation as we contemplate the stain upon civilisation which Kaiser William—that mongrel Attila—has inflicted.

But in addition to the sacking and burning of Louvain, look at the English, Russian and French pavilions of the Printing Exhibition at Leipsic—burned down to the ground, although, by luck, the valuable collections lent—including treasures of the Hakluyt Society, rare Shakesperian documents, Byron manuscripts, and Tenniel drawings—had been removed by the British Commissioner before his hurried departure. Then from all quarters, from Belgian refugees, from wounded British soldiers, from priests and burgomasters, come harrowing tales of the wounded being brutally killed, of women and children outraged and butchered—by a fiendish soldiery bent upon glutting its rage upon the defenceless victims placed at their mercy by the fortune of war.

What kind of conscience must the Kaiser have to contemplate these horrors with the self-complacency which is manifested in his blasphemous telegrams? The valiant Boers by their conduct in the field put this barbarian to shame!

So much for the Butcher. Now let us look at the way in which his subborned press is polluting the stream of truth.

GERMAN PRESS POISON.

Here is the semi-official *Cologne Gazette*, as recently as August 27th, publishing an obviously inspired article, which is amazing not only for its utter disregard of historic truth, but for the curious sidelight which it throws upon the contention which some mugwumps in this country continue to put forward—that the present war is being waged by a mere caste in Germany, and finds no support amongst those who represent the "culture" of "a refined

and educated people." It also throws a fine light upon what has been in the German mind for years past. Under the heading, "England the Enemy of Europe—Ask History!" it tells us that "for now just 200 years Europe has had only one stedfast and, in its own interests, astonishingly tough enemy—England"; and then, after sneering at "the present unnatural alliance between England, France and Russia," and directing attention to the fact that we have appropriated the best and richest countries overseas, has the audacity to assert that in all the Continental wars of the past, "England solely and alone derived the advantage"; in short, the various Continental nations do John's Bull's business for him, whilst "he remains unmolested in his island and increases his trade." And then comes the naive statement that "it is a firmly established principle of English policy always to turn against the one who is strongest on the Continent." And finally, we are told, in cold blood, that if there were a strong and united Europe—"under a unified leadership"!—then "*England's colonies would be torn from her, and her trade and commerce diminished.*"

There you have the cat out of the bag with a vengeance! We do not know that it is necessary to do more than take note of the view thus semi-officially expressed that England will "remain unmolested in her island," and will "increase her trade." They are, indeed, the two indisputable facts of the situation. And we may well leave the Berlin Butcher to ponder over them. But it may be as well to expose the brutal ignorance, or deliberate lying, which underlies the article. The British public cannot be too often impressed with the cleanliness of our hands.

England and Europe.

We are told that "for 200 years Europe has had only one steadfast and, in its interests, astonishingly tough enemy—England." The wars of Marlborough in the early part of the eighteenth century were fought to maintain the liberties of Europe against the despotism of Louis XIV. of France, and those of Wellington were waged against the military tyranny of Napoleon. And no nation profited so much by the heroic efforts of England as Prussia, which lay crushed at the feet of her conqueror in 1806, after the battle of Jena; her spirit was completely cowed; she surrendered fortress after fortress almost without firing a shot, and Napoleon showed his appreciation of her cowardice by immediately proceeding to dismember her. On the other hand, her treachery was proved by her attempt to gain possession of Hanover (which at that time belonged to the King of England) as the price of her abandonment of her allies. In 1805, Napoleon gained the great battle of Austerlitz over the Russians and Austrians (the treacherous Prussians holding aloof), but his hopes of universal domination were frustrated for ever by the glorious naval victory of Trafalgar. The Prussians were then justly punished for their perfidy when they were trodden under the feet of the Corsican; and they would have remained for ever in a state of vassalage and would never have held up their heads again, but for the twenty years' struggle which England continued to make for the liberties of Europe, and which culminated in the final triumph of Waterloo. Such is the "catastrophe" which this lying German rag professes to deplore! Then it is said, "England solely and alone derives advantage from the wars on the Continent in which she has participated." To this ridiculous charge the answer is crushing in its simple truthfulness. England sacrificed thousands of lives, and contracted the greatest national debt the world had ever known, in order that Germany, Italy, Austria and Russia should not be overrun by an arrogant military genius. "England saved herself by her courage, and Europe by her example," as was finely said by William Pitt in the course of his last public speech. Then take the next lie: "It is a firmly established principle of English policy always to turn against the one who is strongest on the Continent." We accept this intended reproach as a great compliment. These Germans are as dull in moral apprehension as they are cowardly and brutal in war and have not the saving grace to see that our antagonism is always directed against tyranny. We did not help to dethrone a genius like Napoleon only to put in the place of the French Eagle a bloated German peacock. When such a man as Kaiser William tries to strut up and down Europe as the War Lord "in shining armour"—whose right there is none to dispute—the only fitting words in which a free people can address him are those which Constance in the play uses to the cowardly Duke of Austria:—

> . . . . Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
> Thou little valiant, great in villainy,
> Thou ever strong upon the stronger side,
> *Thou* wear a lion's hide? doff it for shame,
> And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

The Light Ahead.

Such, then, is the nation—and such the Emperor—upon whom the vengeance of outraged humanity, invoking the great God of Battles, is about to descend. For the Godhead is a complex and all-embracing thing. There is no place in this bloody business for the God of Love; it is not *He* who works the slowly, surely grinding mills. Were it so, we should be saved the anguish of the slaughter of our own loved ones; there would be no widows' tears, no orphans' cries, no mothers' grief, no sisters' sorrow. The neck of the monster would go straight under the stones—and he would be no more. But not so with *this* God. *He* decrees that we, too, must see and taste of the bitterness—however righteous our cause. And therein lies the mystery. It is idle to attempt to penetrate it. Some day the veil may be lifted—and we shall see. And, seeing, we shall understand. To-day, we grope in darkness, almost despairing of our race. But there, far ahead, we see the faint light of a New World; behind it we discern the outlines of the Prince of Peace; and, as we step warily, day by day, towards him, over and above all the din of battle—the roar of cannon, the clashing of swords, the cries of wounded, and the solemn silence of the dead—we are conscious of an awful, never-ceasing sound. And there, before the light, we at length see the Mills of God—grinding, grinding, grinding; and beneath them, beyond all hope of rescue or escape, there writhes a mad Teutonic tyrant, with blood-guilt upon his head, the greed of conquest on his lips, and the doom of a People on his soul.

Come, brother, let us turn our eyes to the light!

PANICKY PURVEYORS.

WHOLESALE DISMISSALS AT THE OUTSET OF THE WAR.

We have already protested in general terms against the action of certain firms who, in the crisis of their nation's fate, could think of no more helpful expedient than the wholesale dismissal of their employees. The time has come to get to close grips with the scandal, and to this end we shall welcome the co-operation of any of our readers who may have been directly or indirectly affected by these panic discharges. This week we are able to reproduce a circular which was issued by Messrs. Crosfield and Sons, Limited, the Warrington soap makers, on the very day of the British Declaration of War. It was addressed to the foremen of local teams of canvassers, and ran :—

> As we do not think it advisable to keep the teams running whilst the country is in its present state, please give all your canvassers a day's notice to leave our employ first thing in the morning (August 5th). You must pay all your men one day's wages in lieu of notice. If you have not sufficient money in hand you must pay what you can, and tell the men that the balance will be sent to them in a day or two. You must stay with the van at the depot each day until your Superintendent sees you. He will call upon you as soon as possible. You may tell your men that we shall be pleased to receive applications for positions from them as soon as the country settles down, as we shall most probably start all the teams again. Obtain all your men's home addresses and send same to us. We herewith enclose all your men's Insurance Cards.

The most charitable thing that can be said of this missive is that it is utterly unworthy of a firm of Messrs. Crosfield's standing and repute. The breathlessness of its instructions, and the indecent haste of their application, evidence a degree of panic wholly inexcusable in the case of so wealthy and stable a firm. The unhappy employees could scarcely have been treated worse had they been working for a pack of commercial adventurers without a penny of credit at the bank. Amid the glowing examples of thoughtful consideration for their dependents which some other firms have shown, it is to be recorded that Messrs. Joseph Crosfield and Sons were not ashamed to dismiss a whole body of low-paid employees thus—not only so, but they were actually willing to go in debt to the men for a paltry day's pay to which the poor fellows were entitled in lieu of notice.

The next move on the part of the firm was scarcely more creditable. Having perhaps a glimmering notion of the misery likely to flow from their precipitate action, they thought to compound their moral liability by turning recruiting agents. On August 5th last, they issued the following further circular to the foremen of the canvassing teams :—

> re MOBILISATION OF ARMY.
>
> We have been told that the Army authorities are offering £5 to each man who is accepted for the Army, providing that the men make application at once. Please pass this information on to your men, as some of them may like to join the Army, where they will be sure of good food and clothing. We cannot say the £5 offer is a fact. Enquiries must be made of the Army authorities by the men who wish to join the Territorials, Yeomanry and Regulars.

It is a pity that the thoughtful consideration of the firm should have been reserved for such of the men as were of an age and condition to join the colours. In point of fact, it was just these who might with less hardship have been left to their own devices. Having thus cheaply discharged their duty towards one section of their former dependents, Messrs. Crosfield might now with propriety and advantage advise the rest as to where they can "be sure of good food and clothing" during the stress of the coming months. We believe we are right in stating that the firm has already remitted a substantial donation to the Prince of Wales' Fund, and for the "charity" of this gift they are, of course, entitled to the fullest credit which their consciences may demand. Truer patriotism, however, might have dictated the retention of their full staff for the first few trying weeks. A little considerate reflection might at least have suggested one or two humane alternatives to summary dismissal at the first hint of commercial distress. We have a right to expect public-spirited action from a firm which quarters the Royal Arms and proudly vaunts its "Appointment to his Majesty the King."

CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

HOW SPRATTS CAUGHT "WHALES."

Spratt's Patent Ltd. seem to have had a good haul lately. In a circular dated August 4th they informed their wholesale customers that, owing to the heavy advance in the price of raw materials, they were compelled to raise their quotations for dog, poultry, and game foods (the scale of increase running from 30s. to £2 a ton), and that even these higher figures could not be guaranteed for a definite period. Any customer of the firm who, alarmed at the prospect of a still further rise, laid in a considerable stock must have been chagrined at seeing an intimation to the public, published as an advertisement on August 28th—"Don't pay inflated prices for Spratt's Dog, Poultry, and Cage Bird Foods"—followed by the intimation that dealers could supply the usual 2d., 6d., and 1s. packets and bags. Caught between the devil and the deep sea, the unfortunate retailer would appear to be left either to pay the increased cost imposed by the makers, out of his own pocket, or to cut down the quantity contained in the packets and bags—a course which would naturally not endear him to his patrons.

SHEARING THE "HEIRS."

CARRION CROWS STILL LIVING ON THE DEAD.

When an original crooked-minded genius conceived and carried into effect the missing heir ramp, he doubtless had no idea that his scheme would be so widely copied. Scarcely a day now goes by without our receiving epistolary samples of the work of his imitators, some of whom seem to be in a good way of business, judging from the number of circulars they are forwarding to every Smith, Jones, and Robinson in the country. One morning last week we made the acquaintance of two new practitioners. The first was a Mr. "R. G. Webster," giving his address as 166, Darnley Road, Gravesend, "and at Dartford." He throughout refers to himself as "we," and makes the usual demand for 2s. 6d. as the price of being placed in communication with a firm of solicitors who have in hand the administration of the estate of a person of the same surname as that of his correspondent. The second, making a similar demand, is Mr. B. A. Ferguson, of 65, Elspeth Road, Clapham Junction, this letter containing obvious signs of having borne another address in that suburb. As our readers will be aware, most persons working this dodge use accommodation addresses, and it is possible that someone had consented to take in Ferguson's letters, and had afterwards changed his mind when made acquainted with the nature of the business they related to. We should have thought that the game was about played out by this time.

QUACK, QUACK!

PATENT FLAWS IN PROPOSED PATENT MEDICINE LAWS.

After holding sittings extending over three sessions, and examining forty-two witnesses by means of some 14,000 questions, the House of Commons Select Committee on Patent Medicines has just issued its Report. It is a lengthy document, but repays perusal. Some of its suggestions are very crude. For instance, it urges "the prohibition of all advertisements of alleged specifics for certain diseases, and also those likely to suggest that a medicine aids in an illegal object." *But it omits to recommend the prohibition of the sale of the latter!* It recommends that, amongst other matters, it should be considered a breach of the law if sufferers from any ailment be invited to correspond with the vendor of a remedy! This is evidently a sop thrown to the doctors. Another appears to be the absence of any recommendation to the effect that medical men should be prohibited from being interested in the sale of any remedy or appliance or in the business of any chemist or druggist, or from drawing commission from manufacturers of any patent medicine or appliance which they may recommend to their patients. There are many other points in the Report which require careful consideration, but we have said sufficient for the moment.

"Bullets" the best judged Competition, WITH MOST PRIZES. See page 24.

THE REMOUNT SCANDAL.

TRAITORS WITHIN OUR SHORES.

There are indications that the new "Remount Scandal," which was the subject of a recent article in this journal, is by no means confined to a single locality, nor are its manifestations of a uniform character. Our revelations principally related to certain shameful episodes in the city of Norwich, reported to us upon unimpeachable authority. At the same time we indicated that allegations to a similar effect had reached us from other areas. We regret to say that many of these scandalous rumours are fast hardening into certainties. From Cambridgeshire a well-informed correspondent writes:—

> Your article seems to apply to Norwich, but exactly the same thing has occurred in Cambridgeshire. Horses have been sold to men who have come round as though sent by the Government to purchase, whereas, in fact, they had no authority whatever. The police have been informed, but they have taken no action. The Purchasing Officer has been highly indignant and has inserted a warning letter in the local Press.

It appears that the *modus operandi* of the Cambridgeshire "crooks" has been strikingly similar to that of the Norwich "county gentlemen." Indeed, it is possible that, finding their game "up" as a result of our exposures, the Norwich tricksters may have "trekked" to the neighbouring shire. In this case we can promise them a short run for their money. There can be no quarter for men convicted of this shameful trafficking in the nation's military necessities.

Meanwhile there is another side to the question, which is forcibly expressed in a letter we have received from another reader. He writes:—

> In too many instances the Government have employed utterly unpractical buyers. Speaking of the area in which I live, the assistant buyer is a callow youth, who, to my knowledge, never bought a horse till he was appointed to his present job.

From reliable information, we are inclined to believe that there is far too much truth in this indictment. Our correspondent gives a number of instances in which horses of a most unsuitable character have been bought at prices out of all proportion to their honest value. He assures us that in one case, within his personal knowledge, a broken-winded stallion was sold for £55. It was to be used as an officer's charger! The mere possibility of such a fraud points to a lamentable degree of incompetence on the part of the official buyer, but the recognition of this fact in no way leads us to condone the perfidy of the seller. While the Government is buying hurriedly for vital purposes of national defence, the maxim *caveat emptor* has no application. The man who can stoop to snatch a base profit from official ineptitude is a traitor of the meanest type.

Another instructive comment upon our recent article comes from a Limerick reader, who declares that he could show us "a far worse state of affairs than that which we have already published." We are unable to enter n detail into his allegations, which are to a large extent uncorroborated, but the following extract from his letter accords so well with our information from elsewhere that we give it publicity. It should at least serve to put the War Office authorities on their guard:—

> I have known of horses that did not cost £10 a week before make £37 10s. for the war. It is cruel to see the horses that are bought, brood mares, worn out horses, some of them up to a very big age—spavin, curbs, and all.

In corroboration of our friend's disquieting statements we are able to refer to two Irish newspapers, in which the auction sales of a number of horses "by instructions of the Remounts Department" are advertised. In one instance 26 and in another 100 animals were recently disposed of in this way. These mounts seem to have been hastily "commandeered" by the Purchasing Officers and subsequently found quite unfit for military uses, one of the advertisements reading:—

> W. Marsh and Sons are instructed by the Remounts Officer, Limerick, to sell by strictly unreserved auction at the Repository, Copley Street, Cork, on Friday next, August 28th, at 12 o'clock, about 100 horses from Mr. Stuart's Remount Depot, which are being sold in consequence of not being suitable to Military requirements.

This scandal must be scotched.

PINCHBECK PATRIOTISM.

DON'T BACK THE WRONG HORSES.

At a time when relief funds are being widely organised upon national and municipal lines, and when established charitable concerns are in sore need of extended support, the public should be on their guard against unauthorised and ill-considered appeals. The occasion of widespread distress and destitution is too often the signal for an outburst of misguided activity on the part of "philanthropic" cranks and faddists, to say nothing of appeals which are simply fraudulent or self-seeking. A wide berth, too, must be given to fancy patriotic projects, which, while frequently honest in intention, are devoid of practical value and calculated only to dissipate the surplus resources of the public. In this last category we place a rather unctuous appeal which has reached us from Mr. George Elven, of Elven House, Coulsdon, Surrey. We have not the honour of Mr. Elven's personal acquaintance, nor, to be frank, are we overwhelmingly anxious to be included in the circle of "dear friends" whom he thus addresses:—

> If you love your country and your King this letter of mine will be a welcome message to you and yours. If you have at heart the safety of your loved ones, and the security of your home, here is your opportunity of showing the whole world that you are helping in this great struggle to defend England from her enemies by land and sea.

After reference to his "humble efforts to relieve human suffering" in the past, Mr. Elven goes on to explain his plan for "offering to his Majesty the King the services of a motor-cycle despatch rider for special duty in England during this great war." Recipients of the circular are merely required to forward all they "can afford, however small the amount may be," when Mr. Elven, presumably, will purchase a cycle, choose a man, and despatch both to their appointed destination with his compliments and good wishes.

As we have said, such a project may be perfectly honest in purpose, but it is open to a number of obvious objections. In the first place, it is wholly amateur in design, and may, for aught we or its promoter know, be quite unrelated to the military requirements of the moment. If the War Office authorities are in need of extra despatch riders, they may be expected to say so, and it is unlikely that there will be any lack of competent volunteers. If they want motor-cycles they can buy them much more economically and with a closer regard to military requirements than is to be expected from private individuals. Quite frankly, we do not believe that these random efforts to assist their plans are at all welcome to the Army authorities. We venture to affirm that they would infinitely prefer that men should enlist in normal fashion, placing themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the War Office, and that all money subscribed should flow into the regular channels of relief. For the rest, Mr. Elven's scheme has all the ineradicable defects of a "one man show." We impugn neither his personal honesty nor the purity of his intentions, but he will forgive us for saying that we have no guarantee of either.

"MISSING!"

ANOTHER PESTIFEROUS PRUSSIAN "PINCHED."

Among the "missing" are several whose absence we can bear with equanimity. As we recorded a week or so ago, "Baronet," or Andrien, the bogus "employment agent," has been sentenced to deportation, and now 13, New Oxford Street is no longer the address of our old friend, the "private inquiry agent," John "Brown," whose real name, of course, is Burger, and whose methods, our readers will remember, we have from time to time criticised—with the result that he issued a writ against us for libel. "Brown" has been arrested as a dangerous alien enemy, and is now in the safe custody of our soldiers. We are sorry we shall not therefore, in all probability, enjoy a little chat with him in the Law Courts, as there were many interesting incidents in his career which we should have liked to talk over with him. All we need say is that the evidence in our possession clearly shows that "Brown" is a typical Prussian hooligan.

Last week of our second Football contest. £500 to be won. See page 23.

PENALISING THE PATRIOT.

SOME SHAMING ASPECTS OF THE CALL TO ARMS.

It is characteristic of the Red Tape Department that it should select the moment of national crisis to show how fatuous it can really be when it tries. If there is anything we can specially and particularly do without in this war it is red tape. The nation has the right to demand that things shall be done without unnecessary circumlocution—that the men who are fighting our battles abroad shall be treated with every consideration and accorded every privilege consistent with the imperative necessities of war. Yet consider the attitude of the Post Office towards the Man at the Front—the man whose blood is flowing as water to rid Europe and the world of a standing menace and a truculent affront to civilisation and humanity. A few days ago a Thornton Heath resident who has two sons serving with the colours wrote to the Postmaster-General asking whether he could be permitted a reduction on ordinary rates of parcels post in sending "comforts" to them. "In reply to your letter of the 22nd inst," wrote an official subordinate, personally kind-hearted as the event proved, "I am directed by the Postmaster-General to express his great regret that he is unable to authorise any reduction in the published rates of postage on parcels intended for transmission to members of the British Expeditionary Force."

THE TRUMPET AND THE TAPE.

Here is Lord Kitchener sounding his bugles for recruits, with Cabinet Ministers and editors appealing with every resource at their command to British manhood to offer themselves on the sacrificial altars of their country, there to bleed and if need be, to die; and the Postmaster-General tells them he cannot bate by so much as the fraction of a penny the price of the postage on the self-denied "comforts" which the anguished wives or mothers they leave behind in semi-poverty may wish to send them. "Come," cries the recruiting sergeant from street and platform and newspaper, "leave all you have and all you love in the world behind you and follow me. You may come back maimed, or you may not come back at all; nevertheless follow me." "Yes, come," echoes the Postmaster-General, "but don't ask any consideration or privileges from me, not even a letter franked free, not even so much as the reduction of a halfpenny stamp on your comforts from home." Fatuity, we have called it. The description is inadequate. It is stark staring imbecility.

We are glad to observe that letters from our own wounded soldiers in English hospitals to their relatives at home pass through the post without charge. Surely it is absurd not to extend the principle.

WORK WANTED FOR EX-WARRIORS.

Is it any wonder that "A Lover of Justice"—a woman—writing to us from Welshpool, asks:—"I should like to know why England does not treat her soldiers better?" Her grievance lies deeper than a free postage stamp. "These men," she continues, "give their all in the service of their country, but in times of peace their country allows them to starve while foreigners are employed. If England would employ none but English there would be work for us all. Our country wants Englishmen *now*, but when the war is over it will have no further use for them, and many will starve just as they did after the South African war. Then, again, the rich will not employ a married man with children; but in times like these who are the main defence of the country?—the despised sons of the poor! I trust that all who employ men will employ Englishmen when the war is over, instead of foreigners, as a tribute to those brave men who give their lives for their King and country. I am only one of the working-class, whose two brothers are soldiers, one of whom fought in South Africa." We need add little to that scorching, shaming testimony of truth as all of us know it. When we ask so much, why are we willing to give so little? Why—behind all the shouting of our patriotism, all the huzzahing for our sons in arms, all the glory of our battles—is there so much that is sordid, selfish, and mean? Our conscience—our conscience in the nation and the individual—is on trial now as never before. Let us resolve it shall neither shame nor rebuke us again when we have won through, as win assuredly we shall, unless justice, humanity, and honour are empty words.

COPPED BY COOPER.

HARSH PRACTICE BY THE HORTICULTURAL PROVIDERS.

Suppose you were a working man of good character and reputation, and had lost your berth last February through no fault of your own; and that, seeing small prospect of obtaining another situation, and, having a few pounds by you, had decided to do something on your own account to earn an honest living. You might in such circumstances have decided, like one of our correspondents, to go in for tomato growing, and have ordered from Messrs. William Cooper and Co., Horticultural Providers, of 751, Old Kent Road, London, S.E., a greenhouse priced at £10 15s. You might also have sent, at their request, cash with order, to facilitate prompt delivery, and then have waited, week after week, for the greenhouse that never arrived.

Towards the end of May, having been lucky enough to secure a berth as Head Gardener, you might have written to Coopers asking them to cancel your order and to refund your money, and you might have received in reply an intimation to the effect that they could not do that, but would allow you to select goods to the value of your remittance. You might then have written agreeing to a reasonable deduction being made from the sum, to cover any expense they might have been put to, and urged the immediate return of the balance, as you needed it to enable you to transport your household goods a distance of 125 miles to your new abode. You might have had this suggestion ignored, as did our correspondent, and, three weeks later, have been informed by Coopers that the greenhouse was ready, and that they awaited instructions as regards the despatch of it. You might then have written a sharp letter, and had it ignored. And then, feeling anxious about your money, have sent for a catalogue, thinking you might select goods from it to sell again, and thus reimburse yourself to some extent. Suppose Coopers had sent you their catalogue, but that you had found nothing in it that you could deal in; and that then, in despair, you had wondered whether you could re-sell the greenhouse, and had asked them whether you could examine it if you came up to London and called at their works, so that you could describe it to any possible purchaser. *Suppose, moreover, you received no reply to this last inquiry.* What would you think of Coopers then? *We* should think, as we have had reason to think before, that they are a firm guilty of cruel and shabby dealings.

PILFERING FROM PATRIOTS.

ROSEFIELD'S RUSE FOR RAISING RHINO.

As the police seem unable to take action against the woman, H. Rosefield, and her Secretary, F. W. Pike—who are conducting what they please to term the Cosmopolitan Home and Institute, at 24, Kempshott Road, Streatham, with an office at 73, Farringdon Street—we have once more to warn our readers not to contribute to this bogus concern. For years the woman has been living upon collections obtained from the public. The females she employs now parade the streets and also go from door-to-door, delivering the following illiterate card, on the strength of the assertions in which they are doubtless making a good haul:—

WAR STRESS.

Friends, kindly help with small donation, subscriptions or gifts of provisions (not perishable), old linen, etc. to keep up our Home for Chronic Invalids, who ask in this moment in greater majority for admission, as so many beds have to be vacated in the hospitals for the wounded, and to do our share in this National Calamity we also have offered to keep a number of beds for the wounded and convalescents. The smallest donation, even pennies, will relieve us from the anxiety to provide for the patients who are the inmates in the Home, or are attended by trained nurses at their own residences.

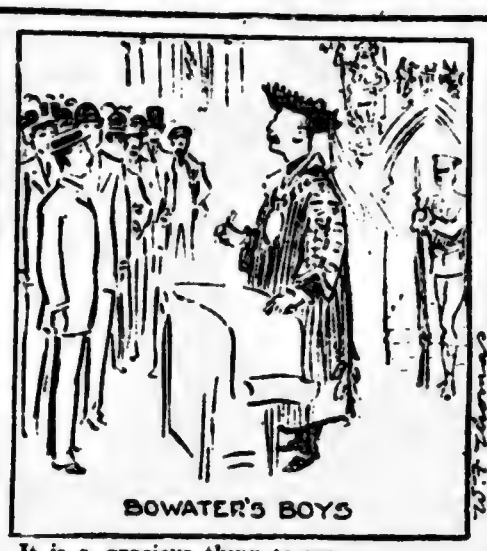
Repeated applications to this brazen biped for a properly audited balance-sheet, together with a list of the Committee who control the money raised by means of such ignorant piffle, have met with no response. It is time the police cleared off the streets the vampires battening on the public distress caused by the war. "Rosefield" sounds German—and only someone of that nationality seems to us capable of such dastardly behaviour.

"War Prizes"—a special feature of "Bullets." See page 24.

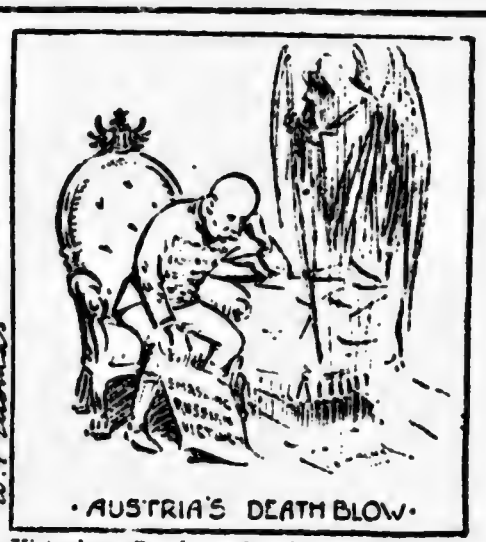
"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Retired from Paris to Bordeaux,
To circumvent the savage foe,
The President through France has sent
A message of encouragement.



It is a gracious thing to see
The City's splendid loyalty!
In answer to their country's call,
Hundreds invade the old Guildhall.



Victorious Russia makes it clear
The end of Austria is near;
Dragged by the Kaiser to his doom,
Her Emperor's days will close in gloom.

Few braver deeds does his transcend
Who risks his life to save a friend;
Let Britons, then, their praise confer
Upon the Duke of Westminster!

Though Paris hears the German's tread,
The invader has most cause to dread;
The storm that gathers in his wake
Might make the most intrepid quake!

Our Indian soldiers come with pride
To fight with Britons, side by side;
Strong in their loyalty, they'll fight
In Britain's glorious cause with might!

SOMETHING AWRY AT RYE.

MASTERLY INACTIVITY OF MASTERS.

On July 2nd last one of our lady readers sent 6s. to a firm in Rye, Sussex, as a deposit on a wedding-ring and a keeper. The amount was duly acknowledged. Some days afterwards, instead of the rings, arrived a man to make "inquiries." He came, and went, and the rest was silence, so far as the firm were concerned, until July 28th, when, in seeming reluctant response to a series of urgent letters demanding either the rings or prompt return of the deposit, they sent a postcard stating that the rings had been despatched on the 23rd, and that no doubt they had by that time been received. As a matter of fact they had not, and our justly exasperated reader wrote and told them so, at the same time asking if the package had been registered. To this pertinent question no reply was vouchsafed. Secure in the possession of the 6s., the firm have preserved a masterly silence, thereby proving themselves better qualified for a position in the Intelligence Department at the seat of war than for conducting a jewellery business on the hire purchase system. We venture to hint, however, that it would be as well for them to break their impressive silence in this case, as the 6s. they are withholding is rather more than their victim can spare, seeing that she is in impoverished circumstances due to her husband's unemployment, arising from the war.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Would it interest you to have a series of Articles on 'How a Red Cross man, stopped the German Invasion'; if so would you be willing to guarantee a overdraught up to £100 to my bankers?"

"Safely at sea what the board afraid could do i venture the following suggestions as they might help you first compulisory use of searchlight Dureing fog second two vessels sail together for one destination both useing the one chart one acting as pilot to the other a limited Distiance between both this not to be exceeded. Care should be taken to see that one captain does not have two ships instead of one. 3rd. A submarine sinks I offer the simple idear so that the crew will be able to obtain air for a long time and also escape by a simlar method the boat may even be repaired by the same means 3 valves fixed in Deck worked from intearier Round each valve exteiorer is a box this box is to old a length of tubber tubeing and a large block of cork this cork as a steeal chimmley fixed in the center the tubeing is screwed on to this chimmley from underside of cork the other end of tubeing to the valve the tubeing is now coiled in the box, the cork resting on a flange inside of the box above it this cork is made secure in its place by a cluck this is worked from the inteiror the tubes for escapeing would be much larger a rope ladder arranged inside the cover of these tubes would be removed by rescue party."

Thousands delighted with the "John Bull" Pen. Get it now. Coupon on page 2 of Cover.

FOOD BEFORE RENT!

SAVE YOUR HOMES—THE DEBTOR'S CHARTER.

We continue to receive innumerable appeals for advice and assistance from readers who, by the dread accident of war, have been plunged into dire pecuniary distress. At the first sign of serious trouble the bankers secured their precious Moratorium, and well-to-do debtors were relieved of their most pressing obligations, but the poor were left to struggle helplessly against overwhelming odds. In the wreakage of normal commerce there were no lifebelts for third-class passengers cast adrift in a shark-infested sea.

Hands Off!

Of course this kind of thing could not continue indefinitely. We did our best to expose the worst abuses, but the task was a heavy one, and no Party journal lifted a finger to help us. At length the Government stirred itself. A measure for palliating such hardships was swiftly pressed through all its stages in the House of Commons. To-day it is the law of the land. But a curious thing has happened. The principal organs of the Press have lamentably failed in their duty of enlightening and instructing the public. Upon the details of a measure which, for the period of the war, will affect the ordinary citizen at every turn of his daily life, they have preserved an almost complete silence. Into the influences which have kept them tongue-tied we do not propose, just now, to inquire.

The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1914.

What do *you* know of it? Listen, and you shall hear. It completely alters the law upon all sorts of matters with which you are intimately concerned. If you have been hard hit during the last few weeks it will very likely pick you up and set you on your feet again. Only, of course, you must know all about it. You must understand it as thoroughly as your landlord and as perfectly as his brokers. You must "get the hang" of the thing as well, say, as the Give-Away Furnishing Company or the Imprudent Insurance Corporation. In the simplest, clearest English of which we are capable we will tell you what the law *now* is upon these matters which are worrying you and spoiling your sleep.

Rent.

We are writing for men and not for knaves or fools and we need scarcely premise that the Act must not be made a pretext for dishonesty. If for any reason you cannot pay your rent, tell your landlord so, frankly, and tell him why. During the war he dare not turn you out of your house without the authority of a County Court Judge. He cannot levy a distress upon your household goods without a similar warrant. Should he decide to go to the County Court, he must give you notice of his intention, when you can go too and state your position. You will be freely heard and, if your case is a good one, you will not be pressed. Should bailiffs make their appearance without due authorisation, send them about their business. Threaten them with an action for illegal distress if they touch a stick of your furniture. They know the law. Show them that you know it too. Pay what you can and don't worry. As soon as we are "out of the wood" the Government will doubtless make suitable provision for arrears. Never forget that the landlords' power to distrain without express legal authority is suspended for the period of the war.

Ordinary Debts.

Again don't worry. Even if a distress warrant is "out" against you, it cannot now be enforced without a further application to the Court, of which you must receive notice. If you can show that your inability to pay is traceable to the war, you will be immune from further pressure. Upon similar grounds you may avoid any other proceedings which may be threatened upon you. If you are taken to Court, make a clean breast of things and all will be well. Keep your head and you will keep your home. But remember this. Except in the case of rent, what we are saying does not apply to debts contracted since the war began. In other words, you must not run into debt on the strength of the new Act.

Hire-Purchase Agreements.

In this category many hard cases have already occurred. That mail-cart or sewing-machine or piano is nearly "paid off," but because you have missed an instalment or two the firm are threatening to snatch it back without a scrap of regard to the money you have paid. They can show you their clear title to do so in black and white upon the agreement form which you have signed. Wait a minute. The war has changed all that. That contract is just a piece of waste paper. The firm cannot have the goods back without an order from the County Court, and, if you are up to your business, they won't get it. When the man comes to "seize" the article refuse to let him in. If you get notice of Court proceedings, go and explain exactly how the war has knocked you. If you can't go yourself, send the "missus." It will be all right.

Insurance Policies.

And what about that little provision you have made for the time when you are "under the daisies"? Perhaps your turn will come last, and you have thought of that too! There's a little bit on Tommy and a little bit on Susie and a few pounds on the other youngsters—bless their hearts, may you never live to see it "fall in"!—but there it is, and it's yours; and there are a few pounds on the wife and as much as you could manage on yourself. The weekly pence have never troubled you till now, but—never mind! Some of the Insurance Companies thought they were going to "lapse" these policies and scoop the pool, but it isn't coming off. If the individual value of your policies does not exceed £25 and if you have paid your premiums weekly or monthly for at least two years, you have nothing to fear. Even though, for a while, you cannot pay regularly, the Companies cannot cancel your policies without recourse to the County Court. You are entitled to ample notice of any such proceedings, and if it is the war which has upset you, you will enjoy complete protection. As with the rent, pay what you can and owe the rest, trusting to the Lord—or the Commons—for the final settlement.

Bankruptcy.

If you are a trader, don't be driven to distraction because one or two of your creditors threaten to put you "through the hoop." It is beyond their power. In the circumstances now existing, the Court will not allow you to be treated oppressively. If your difficulties are directly or indirectly attributable to the war, the Judge has absolute power to stay proceedings against you upon such terms as he may see fit. Take your books to the Court and show that you mean business. If your ultimate solvency is reasonably assured, you will be helped to "win through."

Mortgages.

And a word to you suburban house-owners, lords of your own domain. It is not so long since some of you were married. You had no ambition to be a property-owner, but it was so much nicer to take the girl to a little place of your own. The few pounds you had saved up were enough to "put down," and a useful little mortgage did the rest. Of course, you have since been paying interest and repaying principal, so that it has come to much the same thing as paying rent, but, subject to these charges, it was your very own little "place in the sun"—that was the charm, wasn't it? And now, because of the war, you are in the same hole as some of the rent-payers and there is ominous talk of sale or foreclosure. Don't be scared, lad. The automatic powers of the mortgagee are suspended. He must go to the Court before he can play tricks with your vested interest. Go with him, and, if you have a truthful tale to tell, you won't lose your little home.

Conclusion.

There you are. We have endeavoured to "put you wise," as our Yankee friends say. It isn't a perfect scheme, but it is a vast deal better than nothing. You haven't seen much about it in the newspapers, but it is as safe and sound as the sign manual of George the Fifth can make it. Having done our part, we leave the rest to you.

Mr. Bottomley at London Opera House, Kingsway, Monday next, at 8 o'clock.

FOES AT HOME.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN SCHLAGENTWEIT.

Vital interest attaches to the remarkable circumstances in which Captain Theodore Schlagentweit, formerly German Consul in Manchester, was recently charged before the City Bench with infringing the provisions of the Aliens Restriction Act. Schlagentweit held office until the breaking-off of diplomatic relations between this country and Germany. Despite the approach of war, he chose to remain in residence at his house in Whalley Range, Manchester. This circumstance was somewhat remarkable, in view of the fact that the ex-Consul is a soldier and a comparatively young man, and might therefore have been expected to place his sword at his country's disposal. As soon as the Aliens Restriction Act was promulgated Captain Schlagentweit registered himself with the police as an alien enemy and retired to the obscurity of his home.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE CAR.

At this point a second figure enters the story. Sir Lees Knowles is an Englishman, a wealthy colliery proprietor, and a prominent figure in Lancashire society. He was formerly a politician of some distinction and the Honorary Colonel of a Lancashire regiment. He is the owner of Turton Towers, an interesting country mansion between Bolton and Blackburn, surrounded by extensive moorlands. These spaces are now occupied by a camp of the East Lancashire Territorials. The district is intersected by good motoring roads, and on the evening of August 22nd last, Sir Lees Knowles was enjoying a spin in the neighbourhood of the military encampment, his car being brought to a standstill at a point on the Darwen Road. A passing lieutenant of the 6th Lancashire Fusiliers noticed that there was a passenger in the back seat. It was Captain Schlagentweit—a registered alien enemy, by the provisions of the Aliens Restriction Act not permitted to move more than five miles from his registered place of residence without the permission of the Registration Officer, in this case the Chief Constable of Manchester. On the day in question, he obtained permission to journey as far as Pendlebury. He was ultimately found, in company with Sir Lees Knowles, eleven miles beyond Pendlebury. It is by no means surprising that the suspicions of the authorities should have been strongly aroused. Schlagentweit was arrested.

At the Manchester City Police Court the ex-Consul offered no serious defence to the charge of infringing the Act. For some reason or for none, he had passed eleven miles beyond the radius prescribed by his police permit, and in so doing had chanced to stumble upon a Territorial camp, and to be recognised by military officers, who evidently mistrusted his intentions. In extenuation of his offence he could only plead that he had not read his permit. He was under the impression that it was of a general character, allowing him to roam at large in the surrounding country. This can scarcely be called convincing, and we are not surprised that it was received somewhat coldly by the Bench. They fined him £5 and costs, and bound him over in £100 to observe the provisions of the Aliens Restriction Act for the next six months.

MURMURS IN MANCHESTER.

There for the moment the matter rested, but it would be idle to pretend that the loyal public of Manchester were satisfied with the award of the Court. To insist that Schlagentweit bore a "good character" and was "highly respected" in the City is neither here nor there at such a time as this. The points to be remembered now are that he is a soldier of the Kaiser, and has not forsworn his allegiance, and therefore remains an enemy of the King. Only upon the extremest sufferance has he enjoyed the hospitality of our shores since the outbreak of war. In the face of these facts he has broken his parole, flouting the authority of the King's Government. Had we been upon the Manchester Bench he would have had a sharper lesson than a £5 fine can teach. As we go to press we learn that the military authorities—impressed, doubtless, by the total inadequacy of the Magistrates' sentence—have ordered the re-arrest of Schlagentweit, who has been conveyed to Queensferry, Cheshire, where he will be detained as a prisoner of war. This, of course, is as it should be, though his imprisonment must not be for a season, but for the whole duration of the war. Before long we may have a little more to say.

A SHROPSHIRE SWINDLER.

EDGE, OF ELLESMERE, BAITING HIS TRAPS AGAIN.

On several occasions during the past year or so we have thought it our duty to warn readers against a man named John Edge, of Ellesmere, Shropshire, who, posing as an "old-established metal merchant," claims to have discovered an easy way of getting rich, particulars of which he offers to forward for 2s. 6d.—which he promises to refund if his correspondent does not care to proceed with the scheme. It is, as anybody but a "greenhorn" would have suspected, an "infallible sporting system." Upon finding out its hollowness, the victim is, of course, left to whistle, both for the money he has "invested" and for the half-crown paid for "particulars."

A reader—a lady—received from Edge one of his lying circulars headed "18s. a week for 2s. 6d.," in the end entrusting £4 to him, on his guarantee against loss—he undertaking to pay 2s. 6d. weekly for every sovereign "invested." In his anxiety to get hold of the £4 he regularly wrote every other day, using such arguments as: "I have a wife and five little children, so you will readily understand that, for their sakes, I should not embark upon any venture unless I could see clearly where it was going to land me." Until he had obtained the whole of the money with which the poor woman would part, he paid the interest. Then he immediately changed his attitude, sending, instead of a remittance, a postcard running:—

> In reply to yours I will write you in a post or two and explain. I would point out that yours is not the only business I have to attend to. Everything is all right. You must try and make due allowance for occasional delays, or I shall have to close the account.

His victim replied that she would be only too pleased were he to do so, her sensible decision having been arrived at after receiving this very candid communication from the local police:—

> I have to inform you that John Edge has never had any other business in Ellesmere than fraud; he lives here, and has been convicted for fraud. He lives in a two-roomed cottage and is a confirmed swindler. I hope you will take the matter up and prosecute him if you have a case. I should see the Police in your district, and I am sure they will assist you.

Edge then changed his tone, pleading poverty and promising a remittance within the "next few days." He added that, should his "client" take criminal proceedings, she would get nothing, and implored her, for the sake of his wife and little ones, not to make "trouble." In subsequent letters he ate more humble pie in his efforts to avoid the rightful consequences of his fraud, and two months later he did, indeed, send her £1 on account—since when he has snapped his fingers at her, no doubt believing that, by accepting the money, she had treated the matter as a civil one, and could not bring him to book criminally. Doubtless the rascal is now setting his traps for another catch during the football season, and a word of caution is, therefore, timely.

WARNER'S WAR.

MONEY OR YOUR LIFE AT WALTHAMSTOW.

A few years ago a Company known as the Warner's Estate, Ltd., commenced to build houses and shops at that ever-growing suburb, Walthamstow, after which they advertised for tenants, offering free removals. As the rents were reasonable the artisan class flocked there. The business methods of the Estate Company, however, seem to require drastic alteration, for at present they are too much on the lines of the execrable American Trusts. Stores have been established, at which the people are tacitly forced to deal, the roads being made "Private" so that no ordinary shopkeeper may canvass for trade or deliver goods. Rents must be paid in advance, and before any arrears occur the tenant is shot out into the street. Much distress prevails at the present time on the Estate on account of the War, and the Company, desirous that, whoever else suffers or loses—they should not, have attempted to bribe some of their poorest tenants to vacate their flats, offering them a sovereign for the key. How long will the octopus be permitted to exist in the present state of public opinion?

Last chance to win our second £500 for Football. Final Coupon.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Buckingham Palace.

DEAR PRINCE,—There is a matter in connection with the ultimate administration of the National Relief Fund which I am sure I need not preface by terms of apology. In common with other parts of the United Kingdom, the Isle of Man has contributed generously; and, what is an even more precious gift, it has given upwards of five hundred of its sons to the service of the War. All this notwithstanding, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, presumably speaking with knowledge and authority, now states that the Isle is to be considered outside the scope of the Fund, and that only local subscriptions, locally retained, will be administered for the needs of the dependents of Manxmen called to the colours. This announcement has created profound dissatisfaction in Man, an island as loyal, as law-abiding, and as devoted to the common interests and aspirations of our land as any other part of the King's dominions. The principle underlying this decision I fail to understand. I venture therefore to suggest, through your Royal Highness, to those engaged in the administration of the Fund that the decision should be withdrawn.

JOHN BULL.

To M. Raymond Poincare, President of the French Republic.

DEAR M. LE PRESIDENT,—Greeting! By the time these lines appear, it is possible that German troops may be menacing the integrity of the ancient citadel of Paris. It is not my purpose to discuss the strategic importance of such an event, but rather to remind you of a factor that should never for a moment be absent from your calculations. No nation which trusted to the honour of Britain has ever been forsaken in its hour of need. Upon every sea, from Pole to Pole, the White Ensign floats upon the breeze in silent token of ultimate victory. In the hour of depression let this thought be the comfort of your stricken people. Not till the might of Britain lies prostrate in the dust shall the Flag of France be lowered in homage to her barbarian foe. Never did a nation possess a stouter shield. *It will be all right!*

JOHN BULL.

To Earl Curzon of Kedleston.

MY DEAR EARL,—On the whole I have little fault to find with your plan for "educating the country" upon the true inwardness of the War, but I foresee difficulties which are bound to arise in practice. Everything will depend upon an adequate supply of able and prudent men willing to devote themselves wholeheartedly to the task of instruction. There are fellows amongst us with "the gift of the gab" whose silence at the present juncture might profitably be purchased with chunks of gold, and the task of selection will be one of extreme delicacy and of vital importance. Emphatically, we do not want the country flooded just now with the type of peripatetic orator with which political campaigning has made us familiar. By-the-way, what a pity the preaching didn't begin ten years ago!

JOHN BULL.

To the Marquis of Lincolnshire, Chairman, National Liberal Club.

MY LORD,—Although, like Sir Edward Carson and one or two others, I have long ceased to be a member of your club (the snooker-pool was too hot for me!), I often receive news of its goings on, and the latest is to the effect that not only does it comprise a large number of Germans, who still avail themselves, to the full, of its amenities, but that in certain of its side shows—such, for instance, as the hair dressing department—the Teutonic element is strongly in evidence. It is even said that on a recent occasion a leading Cabinet Minister was operated upon by a son of the Fatherland—whose razor might well have wandered! Look to it, my Lord. There is such a thing as being *too* "liberal"

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., Chief of the Press Bureau.

DEAR "F. E.,"—I trust you will not be unduly perturbed by the avalanche of hostile criticism which has lately descended upon you. Speaking as a detached observer, I think you have coped quite creditably with a task of baffling complexity, and I feel pretty certain that this is the view of the nation at large. Of course you have offended certain newspaper interests, but that is perhaps the best possible tribute to the efficiency with which you have discharged your duties. As for the Man in the Street, he has no wish to be fed up with lies, and has quite enough sense to know that the publication of the truth must be rigorously curbed. I am in pretty close touch with his sentiments, and I know that, on the whole, he is pleased with you. It would, indeed, be a calamity if you went to the front—as you are reputed to be yearning to do—and did not come back. Just imagine England without "F. E."!

JOHN BULL.

To Rudyard Kipling, Esq.

DEAR POET,—No indiscretions can rob you of this title, and it has a direct bearing upon what I want to say. Has your Muse proved fickle that in these heart-stirring times we have lacked the inspiration of your virile verse? Save for a few stanzas in the *Times;* which—forgive me—were scarcely worthy of your highest powers, you have been as silent as Achilles in his tent. I cannot pretend to guess the reason, but I voice a feeling of regret which is none the less widespread because it has so far been unexpressed. Give us one of your rollicking songs of Empire with which we may relieve our pent-up feelings and cheer the hearts of those whom war has already plunged in blackest gloom.

JOHN BULL.

To General Booth, Salvation Army.

DEAR "GENERAL,"—How many recruits have *you* sent Lord Kitchener? The reason I ask is that on Sunday last I noticed a large number of able-bodied fellows exhausting their vitality upon trombones and cornets; and I couldn't help thinking that their energy might, with advantage, be directed into a more useful channel. But don't send them out as missioners; what we want are *fighters.*

JOHN BULL.

To Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Editor, "British Weekly."

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—You and I have never seen eye to eye upon the questions of the day, but in the hour of trial we are at one. With me, you recognise that the onset of the Kaiser's hordes is a menace to all that is best and brightest, not only in the life of Britain, but in the civilisation of Europe and the world. My purpose in writing is to thank you for your Appeal to Nonconformists to join the Army—which is one of the most sane and manly pronouncements issued since the war began. Not for the first time, you have more than justified the title of the journal over whose destinies you so ably preside. With intense interest I shall watch the result of your appeal. That it may justify your sanguine expectations and vindicate the honour of your co-religionists is my earnest hope. In any event you will have done your part.

JOHN BULL.

To J. C. Clegg, Esq., President, Football Association.

SIR,—I am glad that your Committee have decided to proceed as usual with the autumn football fixtures. I understand that this course has the full approval of the War Office, and, personally, I fail to see that any useful purpose could be served by the suspension of the matches. These great sporting contests will afford admirable opportunities for charitable collections and, perhaps, for recruiting as well; while they will furnish a splendid rallying-ground for patriotic citizens of every rank and degree. In the stress of the coming months we shall do no good by moping in our corners, and on behalf of my sporting readers I cordially endorse your decision. By the way, I am happy to know that the clubs are arranging to release any player who may wish to join the Colours. Good business!

JOHN BULL.

Hear Mr. Bottomley on the situation, at the London Opera House, on Monday next.

THE MODERN FRANKENSTEIN.

The Kaiser creates a monster that will ultimately destroy him.

REAL NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

(By Our Own Special Correspondent at the Rear.)

I ask everybody I meet to let me see the private letters which are at last beginning to come in from sons, brothers, cousins, *fiancés*, now beating back the vandal invasion. And everybody is delighted that I should read and write out extracts; for everybody is justly proud of the modest courage, geniality, wit and pathetic sentiment which go to make up a French soldier's character. There is no attempt at fine writing, but the sharp military sentences are eloquent.

"Henri has just died here after being a prisoner of the Germans. During the short time he was in their hands they found time to gouge out his eyes. What a——crew!"

"I have seen four German cannons taken at Liége by our regiment. You would be surprised what shoddy stuff! Our Lebels riddled them with holes as though they were made of wood. It's a pleasure to fight against people like that."

"Good morning, father, we are still on the way to Berlin."

This from a drummer who set out from Nice at the very outset of the war: "In order to be brave the thing is to think of nothing at all. If you get sentimental, you do bad business. All the same, when I am in danger, I think of you, dear father and mother, and that gives me strength to be brave."

"Here is a little pansy picked beyond the frontier, still damp with the dews of Lorraine."

A young sub-lieutenant: "I have had my baptism of fire. As at all christenings, there were comfits. I had one in the shoulder."

And this is almost sublime: "Oh, my dear mother, how can I tell what we felt when we crossed the frontier? We seemed to feel ourselves growing bigger."

"I killed my twelfth German to-day and captured a lieutenant of cavalry. I spared him because thirteen is an unlucky number."

MEAN MERCENARIES.

FIERCE FIGHTING FOR FEEBLE FEES.

A few days ago one of our readers was engaged by Messrs. Hepworth, Ltd., to take part in a war picture. For this purpose he had to dress in a soldier's uniform. He with others went into battle at 9 a.m., the "action" finishing at 3.15 p.m.—virtue and valour, of course, being triumphant. Our friend then doffed his regimentals, donned a barrister's gown, and took part in another "moving" scene—namely, a "trial in court"—which lasted an hour. Then he held out his hand for the "booty." He was paid the magnificent sum of three shillings! Being an old soldier, he "grouse," his objection being met by the statement that, owing to the war, the firm were paying half rates only. We wonder if Messrs. Hepworth's are selling their films to cinema shows at half price? Our friend should take a leaf out of the professional barrister's book, and have his fee marked on his brief before accepting it.

"FLEECY" FURS.

RENEWING ACQUAINTANCE WITH A FOXY FRAUD.

The following advertisement has appeared in a morning newspaper on several recent dates:—

> FURS.—STOLE and MUFF, BLACK FOX HEADS and TAILS, quite new, this season's style. Cost 10gs. Accept 50s. Property of lady. Sent on approval.—Mrs. Wilson, 7 Park Place, Knightsbridge. Letters only.

The address given is that of a newspaper shop—hence, no doubt, the injunction "Letters only." We say, emphatically, that the cost of the insertion of this and other advertisements of a similar character, must long since have absorbed the whole of the prices asked for the goods, and the suggestion, therefore, that the furs are single articles sold by private persons is obviously untrue. The dodge is very old, a similar one having been practised for some time from 3, Aubert Park, Highbury, where someone has been persistently offering to sell a rubbishy gramophone and records "worth £21" for £5 10s.

JOHN BULL'S VARIETY TURNS.

THE DEVIL'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Upon his torrid Throne of State
The Devil sat, disconsolate;
He crossed his legs, and swung his hoof,
And cast his eyes from floor to roof,
And then from roof to floor again;
As might a mortal racked with pain.
He scratched a horn, or gnawed a nail,
And twitched the barbed tip of his tail:
In short, his every gesture showed
How fierce a rage within him glowed.

To him, from time to time, approached
Mephitic messengers, who broached
The latest news; then, bowing low,
Retired, and seemed relieved to go!
He heard in silence each report,
Barring, perhaps, a sulphurous snort,
Which, for an instant, would enhance
The terror of his countenance:
But when Hell's doorkeeper appeared
His features for a moment cleared.

"I come, Prince, from the Gates of Hell,
Just to report that all is well."
The Devil scowled, and raised his head:
"Is the crush still as great?" he said.
"Not still as great, but greater still,"
The fiend replied. "We had to fill
Those brand-new lakes with liquid fire—
And wish there were some more to hire!
I've never been so busy since
The burning of Gomorrah, Prince!"

The Devil snorted, frowned, and sighed,
And heaved his tail the other side:
"For numbers I don't care a jot—
Still, give it to the beggars, hot!
They're only Germans, I suppose,
Sent here for dealing coward blows,
For slaying mothers, maidens, wives,
And taking little children's lives,
And many a foul and nameless deed
At which a devil's heart might bleed?

"You needn't trouble to report
The coming of the German sort.
They only come—the human slime!—
A year or two before their time!
Their Kaiser Bill has served me well,
He's made his soldiers food for Hell!
In them I take small interest,
They're only fuel at the best:
But what I'm rather keen to know
Is, *when the Kaiser comes below.*

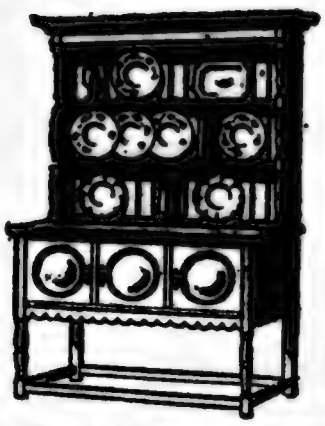
"Meantime, inform me now and then
The total tale of Englishmen
Who pass the gates; it seems to me
Of late there's been a scarcity.
It's strange that there should not be more,
For are they not engaged in war?
Are they not slain, as are their foes?
Are they not guilty, too, of blows
As dastard as the Germans deal,
Who spurn humanity's appeal?"

"No Britishers have passed the gates
Since started this last war of States,"
The fiend replied, "because you see,
They're living now in amity.
'Tis true they slay their German foes,
But not with vile and coward blows;
They kill, but in a righteous cause,
And thereby win the world's applause
And Heaven's approval, too, I fear,
Which is the reason none come here!"

£250 for a "Bullet." Special War Prizes again offered. See page 24.

To provide employment during the War.

How you can help.



A most artistic Dresser, beautifully made of seasoned oak, finished a rich antique brown. A roomy cupboard in the lower part is provided with handsomely designed doors. Marked price as usual, £9 9s. 0d.
Special War Price, £7 1s. 9d.

Thousands of workers in the furnishing and allied trades have been hard hit by the War.

The Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., have taken the lead in an important movement to alleviate the growing distress. In order to keep trade going and provide employment at all costs, they have decided to sell the whole vast stock of superb furniture now in the "Midland" Salons, 15-23, Southampton Row, at a reduction of 5/- in the £1 for cash, and in many cases at less than cost price.

Buy your furniture at 25% Discount off all marked prices.

Every cash purchase you make at the "Midland" Salons will help to provide work and wages for those whose whole livelihood depends on the maintenance of continuous trade.

Every cash purchase you make at the "Midland" will do something to thwart the German ambition that distress at home may weaken the arm of Britain abroad.

At the same time the generous sacrifice made by the "Midland" for this patriotic purpose gives you your opportunity—an opportunity which may never come again as long as you live—to secure just the furniture you require and to save 5/- in the £1 on every cash purchase.

Come in person to the "Midland" Salons in Southampton Row. There, and there only, can you help others and save money at the same time, by availing yourself of the generous offer made by the "Midland." Come and choose what you want TO-DAY.

Our Gradual Payment System.

In spite of the War, the Midland Furnishing Co. are willing to accept orders on the Ideal Terms, for which arrangments can be made on personal application.

Handsomely constructed Queen Anne style Sideboard in mahogany, with bow front and beautifully quartered panels. Size, 5 ft. wide, 5 ft. 3 in. high. Fitted with drawer and two cupboards. A rare bargain. Marked price as usual, £13 12s. 0d.
Special War Price, £14 2s. 6d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

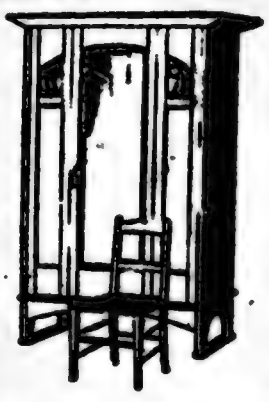
Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*



A charming fumed oak Bedroom Suite, comprising commodious wardrobe and dressing-table with bevelled mirrors and leaded lights, marble topped washstand with tiled back, and two rush-seated chairs. Marked price as usual, £12 12s. 0d.
Special War Price, £9 9s. 0d.

Railway Fares Paid.

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

All goods packed free.

All goods purchased will be carefully packed, free of charge.

Large and comfortable Easy Chair, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry or cretonne. Marked price as usual, £2 15s. 0d.
Special War Price, £2 1s. 3d.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —."

OUR APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP FOR THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It gives us great pleasure to say that—thanks to the generous response of our readers to our appeal last week—we have been able to send immediate relief to many soldiers' wives who had been suffering acute distress. Space prevents us giving details of all these cases, but we select the following as typical:

This touching appeal was received from one of our brave defenders:—

> I am asking you if it is possible for you to look after a Soldier's wife who has been called away to-day at 4 p.m. We have no friends of any description, and my dear wife is in danger of being turned out, as I told her to pay 3s. out of the 3s. 6d. weekly rent. These same persons promised most faithfully to help and look after my wife, and as soon as I turn my back they threaten my dear wife because she did what I ordered. In short, my wife is about to become a Mother, that is why my position is doubly accute, and knowing you to be ever on the side of the oppressed, I appeal to your good and manly nature to send an english soldier to fight his country's battles with a clear mind, and an easy conscience. For this I appeal not for myself (for I care not, neither do I regret my going) but my wife, who is only 20 and a baby to come shortly, is on my mind night and day, in fact my brain seems in a whirl when I realize what it all means. Forgive me Sir if I appear to be asking too much. I ask you Sir to take the responsibly of my dear wife and baby and look after them. All I have to offer in return is a soldier's thanks and gratitude. I hope for the best and prepared for the worst, at all events I shall keep you informed of my movements, so you will be able to see how things go.

We promptly visited the young woman, found her unable to work owing to her condition, and gave her financial assistance—she had receivedneither the separation allowance from the War Office nor relief from the Prince of Wales' Fund. We have promised to keep a watchful eye over the poor wife and hold out a helping hand, and we have relieved the soldier's mind by writing him to that effect. He's a good lad, and we are honoured by being the recipients of his confidence.

A deserter from the Army in time of peace, when the King's pardon was offered upon the outbreak of war, gave himself up in order that he might fight. He is a married man with six children, the eldest a girl of 15, his wife being a cripple. The "home" is in a deplorable condition. When we called upon the family they had just received 5s. from a local Church fund for food. They will eventually, of course, receive the regulation separation allowance, and, we hope, some assistance from the Prince of Wales' Fund. In the meantime, we have given them £3.

Two sons, aged 19 and 17 respectively, joined the Colours. The parents out of work, though there are three other children, all of school age. No help from the Prince's Fund has yet been received, and of course in this case there will be no Government allowance. The family live in three rooms. A lady Church visitor left 5s., at the same time advising them to sub-let one of the rooms, and suggesting that the man should get work—which of course is easier said than done. We have assisted the family with £4.

A Clapham lady writes:—

> Your appeal for immediate help for the needy ones is grand, and those of us who cannot go and fight or nurse can make some personal sacrifice every day. My husband is doing his bit, and I should like to suggest that women should be put in direct communication with one needy case, and make that one a personal matter. For instance, "a poor Essex woman" appeals to me, and I feel I should like to do a little bit for her until she is able to help herself.

We have, of course, had much pleasure in placing in communication these two wives who have made such a sacrifice for their country, and trust that the example of the richer one will be widely followed. We have, unfortunately, plenty of hard cases deserving such help.

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following subscriptions to our fund for providing immediate help to those—particularly the dependents of our brave troops—distressed through the war:—

G. C., 1s.; A. J. B., 10s; "In His Name," 4s.; F. M., 3s.; E. J. W., £2; "Dr.'s Son," £2 2s.; A. W. H. (Notts), 10s.; H. W. R., 6d.; C. O., 2s.; "A Cook," 5s.; R. C. M., 2s. 6d.; E. E. (Scarborough), 2s.; "Maley," 6d.; F. G., 6d.; "Hollins' Cross," £1; "Old Denstonian," £1; E. J. W., £2; Mrs. E. G., £2; "Postie," 1s. 3d.; "N.G. 51," 5s.; C. S., 2s. 6d.; "Anon," 2s.; H. C. S. F., 5s.; A. E. B., 5s.; R. H. L., 5s.; J. B., 2s. 6d.; P. W., £1; "Nobby," 5s.; E. J. B., £2; "A Man of 40," 10s.; A. E. M., £5; H. H. (Everton), 4s.; L. P., 2s. 6d.; R. C., 2s. 6d.; "Regular Reader" (Liverpool), 2s.; "Gerald," 10s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; C. E. W., 5s.; F. E. N., 3s.; F. (Crouch Hill), 10s.; M. V., 5s.

Mr. Harold Pickersgill, the winner of the £500 in our 97th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £10.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers, we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises. We shall be glad to hear from others willing to assist. We are particularly indebted to Mr. McCarthy, of Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs and Co., for yet another handsome sum—£1 16s. 7d.

LONDON.—Mr. H. Morgan, "Crown and Shuttle," 280, High-st., Shoreditch, 1s. 2d.; Mr. H. Selinger, 51, Milton-st., 1s. 1d.; Mr. R. S. Toplutt, "Crown," Crown Court, Fleet-st., 1s. Mrs. Jezzard, "Baptist's Head," 8t, John's-lane, Smithfield, 2s. 7½d.; Mr. G. Sanders, "The Crown," 54, Curtain-rd., 1s. 6½d.; Mr. C. McCarthy, Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs and Co., Langley-st., Covent Garden, £1 16s. 7½d.

RHONDDA.—Mr. F. Shortman, 67, Gelligaled-rd., Ystrad, 2s. 6d.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have received the following, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

351.—A. E., 5s.; J. C. B., 2s.

353.—"Rob the Rantin," 1s.; "A Widow," 2s. 6d.; "E., Tom, D.," 5s.

354.—"The Idiot," 2s.; W. T., 2s. 6d.; "Solomon Moses," 10s.; "Nemo," 2s. 6d.; H. V. G., 2s. 3d.; T. R. B., 5s.; "Hollin's Cross," 5s.; "Red Carnation," £1; "Sailor's Wife," 1s. 6d.; L. E. Y., 6d.; G. G., 5s.; C. D., 2s. 6d.; C. W. J. B. £1; "A Reader, 2s. 6d.; A. G. S., 1s.; H. A., 2s.; T. J., 1s.; R. S. T., 1s. 3d.; A. H., 10s.; "Mother of a Terrier," 2s. 6d.; "Admirer of 'J.B.,'" 2s.; M. C., 1s.; "Mount Clare," 5s.; A. E. S., 2s. 6d.; "E., Tom, D.," 5s.

355.—W. G., 10s.; W. H. L., 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 1s. 6d.; D. G. (Lincoln), 2s. 6d.; P. W. W., 1s.; A. E. K., 1s.; "A Friend of JOHN BULL," 1s.; G. R., 3s.; "A Loyal Irishman," 2s.; H. V. G., 1s. 6d.; W. R. T., 2s.; W. K., 1s. 6d.; E. J., 2s. 6d.; "A Jewess," £1; "A Maid," 6d.; "Almost Lights Out," 1s.; "Rekab," 2s. 6d.; "Aberdonian," 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; E. S., 5s.; M. M., 6d.; G. F., 2s. 6d.; J. L. R., 1s. A. M., 5s.; J. P., 1s.; Mrs. S. M. W., 2s. 6d.; F. W., 5s.; "For the Kiddies," £1; "Klarionette," 7s. 6d.; M. R. 2s.; Miss E. H., 2s. 6d.; "Samivel," 5s.; G. W. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Few Sympathising Working Women at Bristol," 2s.; "A Member of the L.C.I.S.," 5s.; A. McC., 1s.; "Nurse," 2s. 6d.; "Death or Glory Boy," 3s. 6d.; "Cumberland," 1s; A.M., 2s.; A. B., 5s.; M. MacD. 5s.; M. S., 3s.; C. W. J. B., £1; "Taffy," 2s. 6d.; J. L., 2s. 6d.; A. G., 2s. 6d.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s.; M. K., 2s.; G. E., 2s. 6d.; V. V., £1; "Sailor's Wife," 6d.; Mrs. E. P. W., £1.

356.—"Ivy Mary," 1s. 6d.; "Dorothy," 6d.; H. V. G., 1s. 6d.; "Sympathiser Argentine," 10s.; M. M., 6d.; "White Label Canned Fruits," 2s. 6d.; E. S., 5s.; C. L., 1s.; A. C., 1s.; A. H., 6d.; J. S. H., 2s.; E. P., 2s.; W. H. T., 2s. 6d.; F. W., 5s.; "For the Kiddies," £1; Master G. G., 6d.; "Myazarki," 2s. 6d.; W. H. P., 3s.; M. MacD., 5s.; J. S. M., 10s.; "A London Buster," 2s.

357.—W. H. L., 10s.; T. B., 5s.; "Laxo" (Tyron), 1s.; A. W., 6d.; "Dorothy," 2s.; M. A. K., 3d.; C. S., 1s.; Mrs. L. A. H., 2s. 6d.; "Anonymous," 6d.; "Mrs. H." (Stoke Newington), 10s.; "Rekab," 2s. 6d.; H. V. G., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. L. N., 2s.; A. M., 5s.; Mrs. S. M. W., 2s. 6d.; S. C. (Kinsale), 2s.; F. W., 5s.; "For the Kiddies," 10s.; "Klarionette," 3s.; H. V. L., 3s.; "Anonymous," 5s.; "Edith," 6d.; A. M. B., 2s.; "Humber," 5s.; P. J., 24s.; "The Sender," £2; A. P., £1; "Dora," 6d.; "Biffin," 2s. 6d.; E. M., 4s.

All Patriots welcome at the London Opera House on Monday next.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS need Handkerchiefs!

Give them EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere at 6½d. each.

Be sure you get EXCELDA.

FARROW'S BANK LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts

AUTHORISED CAPITAL £1,000,000
SHARES ISSUED . . 700,000

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT-STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.—Accounts are opened and interest allowed where approved credit balances are maintained.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Interest allowed according to notice of withdrawal.

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78 Branches throughout the United Kingdom

A. H. & Co.

ART WORK IN WAR TIME.

WAR MAPS, POSTERS, ETC.

We are feeling the pinch of war time. No one is hit harder than the painter of pictures that won't sell. But those who know how to draw for reproduction and the requirements of advertisers and printers cannot complain.

Thanks to our immense resources and the navy, we have weathered the financial storm, trade routes are open and it's "Business as Usual" with many trades that a few weeks ago nearly collapsed. It's darkest before the dawn, but the sad days of the crisis herald the coming of the new era of peace and prosperity.

Last year, Germany's exports were worth £500,000,000. What will they be worth this year?

The world markets now open to us mean unprecedented commercial activity.

New posters, advertisements, booklets, &c., will be needed to suit new conditions—golden opportunities for the trained artist. Those with a taste for drawing, common-sense and ambition, can have a professional London training at home. In their spare time they can learn the essentials of turning artistic talent into guineas in the shortest possible time and be taught to earn while learning.

The Practical Correspondence College, an All-British Institution, by the way, teaches by post, commercially applied art.

FORMS OF ART IN REQUEST.

It doesn't teach Academy picture painting, but forms of art more in request and incidentally well paid for.

Mr. Chas, E. Dawson, late art editor of *Nash's Magazine*, creator of the "Dawson Girl" and one of London's best known designers of pictorial publicity, conducts the course and criticises each student's work.

The course begins just where any previous art training left off, and continues—until proficient; it is exclusive and confidential to each student, and superbly illustrated.

A recently-added lesson indicates how closely students are kept in touch with opportunities for advancement as they arise. It explains how to make large coloured war-map posters at home, which, displayed in shop-windows, etc., enable the public to follow the progress of the war and form splendid advertisements.

Everyone has to stop and look at the little flags, daily revised to represent the various forces in the field.

To encourage those with a taste for drawing to prepare during the slack season for the coming inevitable demand for trained designers, the P.C.C. offer a limited number of scholarships without entrance fee to JOHN BULL readers. The full course of study, personally conducted by Chas. E. Dawson, will be awarded at half fees (payable in monthly instalments) to a limited number of those who pass a postal examination.

SKETCHING COMPETITION WITHOUT ENTRANCE FEES.

A home sketching competition to test the abilities of candidates ensures that the scholarships are awarded to those most likely to benefit by them and to succeed in commercial art as a whole or spare time profession. No preliminary training or expense are necessary; awards will be made in the order in which sketches are received.

ADJUDICATORS.

CHAS. E. DAWSON, Esq. (Art Director P.C.C., late Art Editor *Nash's Magazine*, and one of London's leading designers of pictorial publicity).

H. CARGILL, Esq. (Advertisement Manager JOHN BULL, and acknowledged expert upon illustrated publicity).

VINCENT LOCKWOOD, Esq., M.I.S.A.C. (Principal Practical Correspondence College).

The names of these gentlemen, whose decision will be final, guarantee the fairness of the test.

Scholarship winners who begin the course within a month, will receive a year's free accident insurance: £1,000 death; £1 a week: blindness or disablement.

The number of scholarships is limited, immediate application is essential.

It costs nothing and you risk nothing by sending a postcard to the Secretary P.C.C., 12, Thanet House, Strand, W.C., for gratis particulars and test paper, and you commit yourself to nothing in entering this free competition for the course of home study that has enabled so many beginners to enter a new, interesting, uncrowded and well-paid profession. (ADVT.)

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

1ST YOUNG MAN (*entering compartment with companion*): I was surprised to see you on the platform, old man. Thought you were at Folkestone. Didn't you tell me you were going down to see your people, or something?

2ND YOUNG MAN: Quite right, old chap. I thought I'd like to see them before joining Kitchener's lot—you know, to break the news gently. Now I'm sorry I went down.

1ST YOUNG MAN: Don't they like the idea of your joining?

2ND YOUNG MAN: On the contrary, they don't like my *not* joining.

1ST YOUNG MAN: D'you mean to say you have changed your mind?

2ND YOUNG MAN: I do. I shan't join.

1ST YOUNG MAN: But, man, you said——

2ND YOUNG MAN: Don't attempt to persuade me! I know what I'm talking about. You don't. I say that, much as I should like to, my self-respect will not allow me to join Kitchener's Army now!

1ST YOUNG MAN: There's something behind this, I'll swear. What's the mystery?

2ND YOUNG MAN: It's no mystery. It's a wretched reality. I'll tell you. You know how awfully keen both of us were about joining. You know we agreed to go to the recruiting depôt together, as soon as I came back from Folkestone after seeing the old people and breaking the news. Dad was as proud as Punch. "You'll be doing your duty, sir," he said, drawing himself up. "Your country needs you. I'll send you a cheque for fifty pounds the day you're enrolled. God bless you, my boy!" he said. And mother was a brick, too. Of course, she felt it—naturally. But she was plucky. Well, all that being settled, I wanted to rush back to London and get the job finished. But having some time to wait for the train, I had a stroll on the Leas. That's where it happened.

1ST YOUNG MAN: D'you mean that's where you changed your mind?

2ND YOUNG MAN: That's where I found it impossible to carry out my plan without sacrificing my self-respect. When I was sitting down, a smartish, rather decent-looking girl came up to me, and said, as bold as brass, "Aren't you ashamed of sitting here, taking your ease, while your fellow-countrymen are fighting at the front?" I was absolutely flabbergasted, you may be sure, but I managed to stammer out that I wasn't. But I know I turned awfully red and must have looked a perfect fool. "Men like *you*," she said, stamping her foot, "are a disgrace to your country! I present you with the insignia of the Order of Cowards—a White Feather!" And before I knew what she was up to, she had stuck one of the beastly things in my buttonhole and marched off with her nose in the air. Some people I know slightly—friends of the mater's—were passing at the time. They grinned, but didn't acknowledge me. So I snatched the confounded feather out of my coat and swore horribly that nothing on earth should make me enlist. Nor will it. D'you think I'm going to have it said that I joined because I didn't know my duty to the old country till an impertinent flapper taught me? D'you think I want a *girl* to tell me what to do? D'you think I'm going to have it said that I was publicly branded as a coward and then went snivelling to the recruiting depôt, not out of patriotism, but to remove the unmerited stain? Not me!

1ST YOUNG MAN: Oh, I *say!* I wouldn't trouble so much about it, if I were you. Here's our station. We must have a talk about this, old man. *You'll* join, I know. But I can quite understand how——

THE NEW NAPOLEON.

Behold the Kaiser William,
His flag of War unfurled,
And hurling his defiance in
The face of all the World!
His pose is most magnificent,
'Tis one he dotes upon,
Observing, "Walk up, and admire
The New Napoleon!"

Most splendid Kaiser William,
The War Lord of us all!
So proud, it seems you quite forget
That pride must have a fall;
You call the thunder of the guns
To answer at your beck,
Ajax defied the lightning and—
He got it in the neck.

Historic Kaiser William
Is setting out for scalps,
And thinks he looks like Buonaparte
As pictured in the Alps;
For Boney dreamed of glory and
Ambition led him on,
But Waterloo was waiting for
The Great Napoleon.

Think not, O Kaiser William,
To rule both land and sea,
Boast not of what you think you are—
Reflect what you may be;
Your place, you claim, is in the sun,
But possibly, you know,
Your place, instead of up aloft,
May be—well—down below.

Mistaken Kaiser William!
Your doom you rushed upon
When posing to all Europe as
A New Napoleon;
Recall your modern history,
In which, no doubt, you're versed,
And recollect what happened to
Napoleon the First!

RICARDO.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for SEPT. 5th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number 07,142.

Apply THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

A. H. WESTWOOD
39, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH,
begs to inform his clients that he is retaining the services of the whole of his staff, and is conducting business as usual. All sportsmen are requested to write for a copy of the "Little Blue Book" containing his terms.

NO INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF 1½
Antexema
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS
SOLD BY ALL BRITISH CHEMISTS

Sword Cutlers to H.M. the King.

WILKINSON SWORD STEEL RAZORS

THE SECRET OF A GOOD RAZOR IS IN THE STEEL.

Wilkinson's razors are made by expert workmen from "SWORD STEEL," Hardened and Tempered by special process.
Wilkinson's "PALL MALL" Strong Beard Safety (new patent) 10/6 has a keen, stiff edge. Many safety razors now being sold are useless for strong beards. Wilkinson's Razors retain their keen edge much longer than any other so-called "best" razor on the market.

Obtained of all Stores, Cutlers, Hairdressers, etc.

INSIST ON HAVING A WILKINSON SWORD STEEL RAZOR AND YOUR SHAVING TROUBLES ARE OVER.

"IT'S THE STEEL THAT DOES IT."

Wilkinson's make all kinds of Razors—
ORDINARY, 5/6, 5/6 and 5/6.
SAFETY and the THIN BLADE SAFETY, 10/6 to 21/-

WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD., 53, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. FACTORY, ACTON, W.

SEND FOR LIST

Special Notice to Our Customers.

THE

GREAT INTERNATIONAL PLATE GLASS INSURANCE and CLEANING CO., Ltd.

Fox Court, Holborn, E.C.,

Have always employed very large numbers of **ARMY and NAVY RESERVISTS.** Owing to the above fact no less than **130 OF THEIR STAFF** have joined the army since the war broke out. (Their dependents are receiving a weekly allowance from the above Company.) This huge loss (about 20 per cent. of total employed) may cause delay in attending to some of our customers, who are asked to excuse temporary inconvenience till staff is replaced.

"GALE'S SPECIAL"

'The "SPECIAL" that Pays.'

Guarantees Your Success . at . Doncaster.

N.B.—Upon the resumption of racing on Friday, August 28th, we wired to all subscribers to "Gale's" Course Wire from the Haydock Park Meeting

MARCUS AURELIUS for the T.Y.O. Selling Plate,

WON, 4 to 1 against.

On the following Monday, from the Lewes Meeting, all COURSE WIRE subscribers received

COSFORD for the T.Y.O. Handicap,

WON, 3 to 1 against.

An OFFER to RELIEVE SPORTSMEN !

It must be remembered that the Editor's Course Wires are ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED, SIX WINNERS for TEN GUINEAS, and never more than one selection wired. The usual price of the Editor's PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS, and in order to relieve the anxieties of sportsmen whose balance is on the wrong side, the Editor will send his

Special PRIMUS COURSE WIRE from Doncaster on Friday

upon receipt of

FIVE POUNDS,

and the SAME GUARANTEE will apply as in the case of the Course Wires.

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires :—

July 10.—	**DESOLATION**, 10 to 1 agst	...	Won
July 15.—	**SANDUSKY**, 7 to 1 agst ...	...	Won
July 18.—	**REDFERN**, 2 to 1 agst ...	...	Won
July 21.—	**ONEIDA II.**, 6 to 1 agst ...	...	Won
July 24.—	**LIGHT BRIGADE**, 7 to 2 agst	...	Won
Aug. 29.—	**HOUNAM**, evens	...	Won

POST FIVE POUNDS

for the SPECIAL PRIMUS COURSE WIRE on Friday next, and secure satisfaction and profit in your Turf investments.

THIS OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED.

Note that our ONLY address is :—

"Gale's Special,"

Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

GENERAL.

"WEST CROYDON" and OTHERS.—Thanks for your appreciation of our articles. We must not, however, publish any more praises or we shall be getting swelled heads.

J. I. (Aberdeen), disagreeing with our recent "Word to the Workers," says, "I am not taking out a share in the Business Government for some time—I don't think." That means, we presume, that he is. We cannot, however, promise him an allotment, as we expect the issue to be very largely oversubscribed.

E. M. (Moston).—We must take our chance of what the Kaiser does with us *when* he gets over here!

L. R. M. (Plumstead).—We cannot consign *everybody* to Hades.

J. M. E. (Liverpool).—Whether or not Military Service is made compulsory will depend upon two things—first, the extent of the response to Lord Kitchener's appeal, and, secondly, the length of the war.

J. B. S. (Ballaghaderreen) and OTHERS.—We were hot on the track of the National Flour Importation League, in regard to its endeavour to frighten people, by means of all kinds of unjustifiably alarmist statements, into buying sacks containing 100 lbs. of flour for £1, but found that the authorities had promptly "scotched" the dodge. The price the "League" was endeavouring to charge was at least 50 per cent. over the market quotation.

E. M. S. (Brook Green, W.).—Perhaps now that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had occasion to rebuke certain banks for selfishness and want of public spirit in the present crisis, he will be more disposed to secure for the nation's use the vast sum of unclaimed balances and securities lying idle in their vaults and coffers. This might prove his last chance. Let him grab the booty before the banks themselves do.

J. I. E. (Dulwich).—Our Army appears to have provided itself with a new National Anthem already—to wit, "It's a long road to Tipperary." Who is to be the inspired composer of a National Anthem worthy of the Empire?

E. C. W. (Battersea).—"Now that the electors have had an opportunity to see something of a Business Government in being, will they possibly be content to return to the wretched confusion of the Party system, with all its wasted energy and effort, at the conclusion of the war?" We rather fancy that immense numbers will not.

D. S. (Banbridge) suggests affixing "to the fore-part of a man-of-war vessel an iron frame which would stretch sufficiently far in front to strike and explode mines"; but we don't think we can teach our Navy anything as regards dealing with those devilish instruments, which Germany, with fiendish savagery, has sown in the path of peaceful shipping.

O. A. (Highbury, N.).—It *does* seem absurd of us to have allowed Germans practically to monopolise the bread-baking industry. And they have had a hand in the butter as well, judging by the look of some of it.

J. W. (Brixton, S.W.).—Yours is by no means the worst of the innumerable patriotic songs which, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, have fluttered around us from all sources during the last few weeks. But we are not music publishers, and we have no space for printing the words.

W. P. (Dorset Square).—Not so "rotten a prophet," after all, good friend. We offered 10 to 1 against civil war in Ireland. Will you risk a monkey?

A. G. (St. John's Wood).—Cannot explain why our contemporary is appealing to patriotic women to make shirts for nothing, and selling the patterns for 4½d. We do not profess to be able to explain everything and everybody.

"CHAPHAM" (Stockwell) says he was amazed to notice that one of the great crowd clamorous for acceptance as recruits on the Horse Guards' Parade was a man in a frock coat and a silk hat. Why? It isn't the coat that makes the man, nor even the hat.

ARTHUR McC. (Ballycastle).—You must indeed be far from the madding crowd if there is no enlistment depot within your reach. It's a bally shame. Would not your local policeman help you to get in touch with the nearest recruiting sergeant?

C. V. (Birmingham).—We do not say that no other journal recognised the possibility of war with Germany, but we were alone in pointing out the remedy whilst there was still time.

J. K. C. (Malvern).—We note that just as, in your judgment, "in the Divine Providence the Boer War was suffered to occur because Boer and Briton hated one another," so the present war is suffered to be because "the envies, jealousies, and hatreds between nations have come to judgment." What do you suggest, in the circumstances, should be done?

"OCTOPUS" (Carlisle) thinks that "if this war did nothing more than wake up England it would have been justified." He is prompted to this view by reading our article on "God's Stocktaking."

"FOOTY" (Liverpool) suggests that everyone who goes to a football match should contribute at least a penny towards the Relief Fund—the total being handed over periodically by the various clubs. A good idea.

C. T. L. (Lee).—Such blunders might easily occur in the confusion. We have frequently objected to the appointment of foreigners as British consuls abroad.

"LAXO" (Tyrone).—A letter addressed to him at "The Broadway, Wimbledon," will, we believe, reach him. Your postal order for one shilling has been placed to our "Human Document Fund," as you do not give your address for it to be returned.

A. H. W. (Alderney).—When the war is over we shall have to come across to Alderney to see your wonderful policeman, whom you irreverently call "The Alderney Copper." We should love to hear him ring the church bells, sing in the choir, watch him curl his moustache, and carry out his other arduous duties.

W. H. S. (City Road, E.C.).—It is for the military medical authorities, not for us, to declare their opinion of the value of the medicine to soldiers at the front.

W. B. O. (London) suggests that when the war is over, all who offered their services to Lord Kitchener, but were rejected on account of unfitness, should have some kind of "recognition in the shape of a rosette or military button," which they could show against the medals and clasps of their more fortunate countrymen.

H. R. (Leeds), says he sent 2s. to Messrs. Milner, Enlargers, 4, Percy Circus, London, for a photographic enlargement, but has heard nothing since. Perhaps Milners have gone to the front.

F. R. P. (East Ham).—It would certainly have been fairer for Lloyd's (Royal Exchange) to divide what work they have among their printing hands equally than to discharge some and keep others.

"C." (Golder's Green).—We have seen the sketch you mention. Possibly some of the patter is ill-timed, but on the whole the production appears to be a well-intentioned farce, and we do not think that witnessing it is likely to discourage would-be recruits for the Army.

"BYSTANDER" (Perth, W.A.).—We heartily agree that one of the prime causes of poverty in this country is the large families with which the poor seem to delight to burden themselves and the community.

J. R.—If you cannot prove that the Scout Captain was habitually drunk in camp, you have no business to give currency to the accusation, and we decline to be made in any way a party to it.

MR. HARRY ADAMS, 76, Brixton Road, London, S.W., assures us that he will no longer allow Hugh Henderson (whom we recently pilloried in a par., entitled "Do As I Tell You—And As I Do?") to make use of his address.

A. D. (Freetown) asks: "Can a footballer be off-side in his own half?" Not half!

H. M. F. (Penmaenmawr).—Far too many hotels in the British Isles are owned or run by unnaturalised Germans, but we are hoping that the war will check the practice. Licensing justices have been too easy in granting licences to aliens, and the law must be strengthened in this direction.

All John Bulls welcome at John Bull's great meeting on Monday next.

A. S. W. will be very glad to hear from the finder of a gold, single-curb chain, with seal, lost between Chalfont Road Station and Chesham (Bucks) on Sunday, September 6th. The finder will be rewarded. We shall be pleased to forward any letters in regard to the matter.

G. H. M. (Wakefield).—We have no reason to believe the International Correspondence Schools to be other than strictly genuine. What is your complaint?

R. M. W. (Bideford).—Yours are not the only belated congratulations we have received on the truth and prophetic foresight of our article, "A Place in the Sun," which appeared in our issue of February 17th, 1912. Though late, they are welcome.

A. W. (Wandsworth).—We have no idea "what is the general rate of pay" for poetry like yours. You must not think us cruel, but we fancy *you* would have to pay pretty heavily to get any paper to publish it, even in the advertisement columns. Stick to plumbing; you will find it far more profitable than poetising.

SAPPER C. S. (Rainham).—The military authorities must have very good reasons for your dismissal at such a time as this. What was your "crime"?

J. R. (Blackpool) complains that a local co-operative society charged his wife "one shilling per pound for shoulder of mutton, double the ordinary figure." What are they charging for scrag of German sausage?

E. F. (London, S.W.).—Oh, yes, we have carefully noted the rush to change names of Teutonic flavour into English, by Deed Poll. We can scarcely blame the unfortunate possessors of Germanic denominations, but at the same time think it as well to keep a list of these metamorphoses for future reference.

"BRECK" (York).—We cannot at this stage say, but it would not surprise us to find that the Auros Remedies Co., of 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., who run the quack "Auros-Vibrozone" treatment, is one of the enterprises of the notorious Yankee you name.

C. M. (Peckham) informs us that on the Furzedowne Estate, Tooting, are "heaps of fresh air," for which reason he thinks the L.C.C. schools now building there "might be used as a convalescent or hospital." We would always rather be used as a convalescent than a hospital.

W. B. (Dartford).—No half-crown; no pie.

J. B. (Bradford) suggests that now is the time of our life to "bring out a JOHN BULL badge," at from 6d. to 2s. 6d. each, profits to the War Fund. We will consider the idea.

C. P. (Burnley).—"Verily we say unto you," ditto.

E. W. Y. (Stroud Green).—As a naturalised alien is entitled to all political and other rights, powers and privileges, and is subject to all the obligations of a British-born subject, a naturalised German is at liberty to enlist in the British army or navy.

"THIGIN THU" (Chakruta, U.P., India).—All has turned out in Ireland as you, so far away, suggested it would. The Irish question, we think, is solved by the swift impelling force of events which neither Nationalist nor Orangeman, Liberal nor Tory, foresaw.

D. H. (E. C.).—Rely on it, Germans in Britain are being everywhere rounded up and kept under observation.

MISS GRACE WARNER.—We note that the Burslem Licensing Magistrates refused to grant permission for a Sunday evening performance by your company at the Burslem Hippodrome, on behalf of the Prince of Wales' Fund. They should pay for their Sabbatarian bigotry by reimbursing the Fund in the approximate sum it has lost in consequence of their attitude. Otherwise, we commend them to the notice of H.R.H.

A. M. (Farnboro').—We believe "Secret Remedies" is published by the *British Medical Journal*, London.

L. S. W. (London, W.).—Sorry for you, but it is a private relation in which we cannot interfere.

W. V. N. (N. W.).—We trust the public will give such support to the Carl Rosa Opera Co. as will prevent the necessity of cancelling its tour.

"ANTI-MAC" (Leicester).—Sorry indeed should we be for our country and Empire if they had to depend for guidance and support on men of the Ramsay Macdonald and Keir Hardie type. Our faces would soon be in the dust.

"A CUSTOMER" (Southend-on-Sea).—How on earth can we prevent cantankerous customers from bullying hard-working and poorly paid waitresses? We cannot alter people's inherent character any more than we can persuade the leopard to change his spots.

MRS. M. M. (Eastbourne).—Do we "think anyone that has gone to Canada could be made to pay what is right and proper?" Not from this side without great expense, and perhaps not even then.

"DISGUSTED" (Fraserburgh).—Don't at present see the necessity, but you will note that the Government have taken powers for very early closing of licensed premises all over the country.

"PATIENTS" (Whitley) of the Prudhoe Memorial Convalescent Home, Whitley Bay, complain that 80 per cent. of them have been "stricken with diarrhœa," and blame the food. All we can say is that at 2 guineas for three weeks' stay the menu reads well.

"HAMPSHIRE WIDOW."—Your daughter cannot claim board wages. You would recover damages for the loss of your husband if you can prove that the accident occurred owing to the negligence of the motor driver. You should try to get a local solicitor to take the matter up on your behalf.

T. G. B. (Scunthorpe) thinks "it is marvellous the small amount of good the Church do compared with the amount they gather in." Hear, hear!

T. B. (Vermont, U.S.A.).—Seamus McManus, the blatherskite who libels the English Army in the *New York American*, is suitable to the paper he is writing for.

A. T. (Mission City, B.C.).—The Empire's war is of greater moment than the emigration question.

"CAROS" (Hawkhurst).—Evidently the Glazolin Postcard Co., 10, Westbourne Road, Barnsbury, N., are slow in sending goods for money.

"CONFIDENTIAL" (N. Kensington).—"A local patriotic butcher is giving two loaves of bread to the wives of men at the front, and has placed his orders with three German bakers, much to the disgust of his customers, who would prefer the bread from the English ones." So should we.

I. P. (Buckley).—Sorry, but we cannot personally undertake to recover. Our warnings against dealings with the Alhambra Warehouse Co., Free Street, Bradford, have been persistent and innumerable.

J. G. A. (Harrow).—Our version of "Meinzelf und gott" was, as we said, from memory. As you say "in some instances it is superior, in others inferior," to the one you "learned years ago," thanks.

"S. A. P." (Stamford Hill).—You need have no fear in regard to the money which you have deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank. It is quite safe.

J. L. W. (Peckham).—Save your guinea. We have often thought of inaugurating a John Bull Club for London, but it would involve great difficulties, and we have many irons in the fire just now.

"A NEGLECTED WIFE" (Sussex).—You could apply to the police court for a judicial separation, with maintenance. The Clerk would show you how to fill up the necessary form.

"RAILWAY PORTER" (N. Hill).—"On came the German braggarts, With Austria in the fore, To bully a smaller nation, Because they thought that they were no more." What made 'em mad was finding they were no less.

G. W. J. L. (Manor Park, E.).—"As the Church does not interfere with you or your paper I do not see myself you have any cause to interfere with them." Quite right. You do not see.

"NATURE" (Essex).—On the facts, as stated, there are, to say the least, grave doubts as to the legality of your marriage, and we would advise you to go through a proper ceremony now, so as to put your position right as far as possible. You must use your own discretion as to offering yourself for active service.

"DUNCAN" (East Melbourne) is informed that a letter he intended for his father has by some mistake been forwarded to us, and we are unable either to return or transmit it, as no sufficient address is given for either purpose.

J. R. C. (Hackney).—Any amount up to one hundred pounds can be sued for in the county court, but the officials do not like to issue a summons for less than a shilling.

"WORKING CAP" wonders whether "the whole Ulster business was not a sham. . . . Don't you think arms were allowed to get into Ireland and the drilling allowed to continue so as to be ready for 'The Day'?" No; but things have certainly turned out well.

"ANXIOUS."—If you complete 104 contributions you would be entitled to the Disablement Benefit. As to whether the Society can now decline to accept the arrears depends to a great extent on the rules—which you should read carefully. If you experience any difficulty, you should at once communicate with the Insurance Commissioners.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange and the great pressure on our space by other matter, we are this week compelled to hold over our City Notes and Legal, Financial and Insurance Letter Bag. Inquiries on these subjects, when accompanied by the usual shilling postal order, will be answered by letter.

All roads lead to the London Opera House, Kingsway, next Monday.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

"CASUALTIES."

Dead, and Wounded, and Missing—
  Missing, Wounded, and Dead!
Keep the terrible toll of woe
  To heap on the Kaiser's head;
Keep the tally against the man
  Who went to War for a whim,
The Dead, the Wounded, the Missing—
  Score them up to him.

Mark when the numbers creep up,
  List ev'ry man to fall,
And mark when the numbers leap up—
  He shall account for all;
All the victims of his blood-lust,
  Torn from their stricken homes,
Keep the terrible list for the time
  When the day of reckoning comes.

The dead we are daily mourning
  Speak from a nameless grave,
That we should win and avenge them
  Is what the grim phantoms crave;
Wasting no time in idle grief,
  No need to sorrow for them,
Whose cypress wreath in the hour of death
  Is a deathless diadem.

Succour the fallen wounded,
  Strewn on the gory plain,
Tend their wounds and relieve their wants,
  Skilfully banishing pain;
Delicate hands must soothe the brave,
  Doomed for a space to lie
While comfort aids to heal the hurt,
  As lagging time creeps by.

See that ye soon restore them,
  Making the cure complete,
Make each patient a man again,
  Set him upright on his feet;
The boon he asks is to make him fit,
  Fit for the front again,
To send him back to the fighting line,
  Back to the gory plain.

As for the missing soldiers,
  Officers, rank and file,
Some, out-numbered and overwhelmed,
  Are pent in a prison vile,
Writhing beneath the coward taunt,
  The faces that grin about—
They must not suffer the insult long,
  Britain must bring them out.

O, how the long days languish,
  Heavy with menacing fate!
We, agasp with the thirst for news,
  Can only wait, and wait,
Proudly knowing, as we have known
  The while since the war begun,
Our soldiers still are stiff to resist
  The blood-red march of the Hun.

Reading the lists as posted,
  After the silent hours,
Hoping the golden names we scan
  May still be none of ours;
Yet clasping tight the next man's hand
  When he reads how his lad fell—
God knows the son of the other man
  These days is ours as well!

Dead, and Wounded, and Missing—
  Missing, Wounded, and Dead—
Keep the toll of the loved and brave
  To heap on the Kaiser's head;
Hold the cup that himself hath filled
  Over the bitter brim,
The Dead, the Wounded, the Missing—
  Save that cup for him!

RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

"COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX INDEPENDENT":—
"Everything was done in the most thorough manner, and no one perfectly fit was ACCEPTED (as a recruit)."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—
"In each street were posted two sentinels TOGETHER, one hundred yards APART."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"Antwerp is henceforth a city of absolute darkness. No LIGHTS of ANY description are allowed at any time. Even in the Royal Palace CANDLES are used."

"SUNDAY INDEPENDENT" (Dublin):—
"On Tuesday the Society are sending out Major Richardson with his Red Cross dogs . . . he will take with him Mr. Cherry with a few SCRATCHES."

"BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO" (advert.):—
"Lost, National Health Insurance CART."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—
"Monsignor Respighi, master of the ceremonies . . . amid the cheers of a CROWD of SEVERAL PERSONS, had the historical red carpet stretched."

"ST. PANCRAS CHRONICLE":—
"Police constables carrying revolvers rode at the BACK of each VAN BESIDE THE DRIVER."

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"A bold Englishwoman . . . motored ALL THE WAY to London through Switzerland and France."

"FISH TRADES GAZETTE":—
"Monday morning the wires trolled another tune: Whitings, HEADLESS, 1s. 8d. a stone, ALIVE."

MURDOCH'S CASH STORE, Seaham Harbour (catalogue):—
"A Big Stack Housemaids' Dresses . . . VALUE 3s. 11d., SALE PRICE 4s. 6d. each."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Will the Kaiser take "French leave" to enter Paris?
Doesn't Austria begin to wish she were "out of it"?
Why don't they call themselves the "Germ-Huns" now?
Cannot our footballers be trusted to "play the game"?
Have you seen that £250 War Indemnity on page 24?
Won't the seizure of Samoa be followed by "some more"?
Won't it be a case of "Rue mania" for Turkey if she breaks her neutrality?
Will Russia also change the name of the German capital by knocking "1" out of it?

* * *

We are not scared by the reported shortage in certain drugs; they can always be dispensed with.

* * *

The German soldiers are reported to be in a starving condition. Our lads will give them something to chew.

* * *

We are not to have any more German pianos. But just wait until the Russians get hold of the German fortes.

* * *

A National Temperance League poster calls for general abstinence during the war. We fear that other "generals" are more popular.

* * *

The Germans have seized all Japanese balances in German banks. The Japs will get the money back out of the Kiao Chau "investment."

* * *

To show the martial spirit which pervades even the youngest of us, we reproduce the following from the *Daily Express*: Prince Arthur to go to the Front. INFANT SON CHRISTENED before he starts.

* * *

One little boy attending the L.C.C. infants' school, when asked where our troops were fighting replied: "In Ireland." The error is pardonable in view of the fact that their marching hymn is, "It's a long, long way to Tipp-er-ar-y."

Thousands delighted with the "John Bull" Pen. Get it now. Coupon on page 2 of cover.

Another £500

FOR ONLY

6 Football Results.

2nd Contest. Final Coupon.

£250 IF ONE ERROR ONLY

£100 FOR MOST CORRECT

£25 FOR A MAUVE COUPON

What of the war, and how will it affect the game? As the issues of the fighting forces fluctuate from day to day there can be no foretelling what may happen to League football. For instance, the drilling of the armies, which are sure to be raised, may necessitate the taking over of such grounds as the Crystal Palace, Stamford Bridge, Villa Park, Fratton Park, Hull City ground, St. Andrew's Park, St. James' Park, Newcastle, Manchester United ground, etc. Should our grounds be needed by the Government they must be yielded promptly.

Again, the calling up of our fighting lads in large numbers and the heavy blow of bad trade may render it impossible for certain clubs to live.

These things being so, we must look for what is the most possible rather than what is the most popular competition. We ourselves regard the "6 Away Teams" coupon as the most popular. We have decided, consequently, to continue, at least for the present, our "6 Away Teams" Competition. The final coupon for our Second Contest appears this week. It is your last chance of winning our second £500 for football skill.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

The coupon is on page 2 of the cover. Having made up your mind which 6 teams, *playing away from home*, will win, put a X in front of the 6 matches in which you forecast the "Away" team to win.

ONLY 6 MATCHES MAY BE MARKED ON ANY SINGLE COUPON.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

£500 FOR THE WINNER.

To the Competitor correctly forecasting "6 Away Winners" on one coupon, we shall award the splendid prize of £500.

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should nobody succeed in correctly forecasting the 6 Correct results as stipulated, we shall award a Consolation Prize of £250 to the Competitor sending a coupon containing only one error.

£100 MUST BE WON.

In the unlikely event of neither of the above two Big Prizes being won, we shall award, in any case, £100 Cash to the sender of the most correct coupon.

£25 'MAUVE' COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall award a cash prize of £25 for the most correct Mauve coupon taken from "MARY BULL," providing such coupon does not win or share in any of the other big prizes.

In the event of Competitors tieing, the prize money will be equally divided. The Editor's decision is to be final.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelops "Football Contest No. 2." The closing date is Friday, September 18th.

FINAL COUPON. NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Football Fancies.

By "McW."

The controversy still rages as to whether all football should or should not cease. Personally, I cannot for myself see what real good could be effected by denying ourselves legitimate recreation. We might as well close our Free Libraries, on the argument that the recreation of novel-reading was keeping our young men from enlisting. During the last fortnight I have seen the young fellows who have volunteered to serve their King and Country on their marches and at their drills, and very fine fellows they are too, but 90 per cent. of them appear to me to be of those who have either played the game or have watched it being played of a Saturday afternoon.

There were eight away wins last Saturday, and I suppose somebody or other will win that £500. Are you going to win it on this week's coupon? My fancies for same, that is for matches to be played Saturday, September 19th, are as follows:—

Away Wins.—Sunderland, Blackburn Rovers, Arsenal, Clapton Orient, Northampton, Reading, Crystal Palace.

Draws.—Villa and West Bromwich, Liverpool and Sheffield Wednesday, Fulham and Derby County, Swindon and Plymouth. In all other cases I fancy the Home Teams.

Racing Notes.

For the St. Leger, the Newmarket horses are Dan Russel and Peter the Hermit. These should fill the places behind KENNYMORE, if he will only do his best.

Other winners to-day (Wednesday) may be SIR EAGER in the Cleveland Handicap; JOHN AMENDALL in the Rufford Abbey Plate; and CATTISTOCK in the Tattersall Sale Stakes.

On Thursday, SPENSER should go close for the Alexandra Handicap. ARCHELAUS* ran very well behind Silver Tag last week at Manchester, and in the Rous Plate he should represent the best thing of the week. For the Portland Handicap, the best thing looks to be CASTLETON, while SILVER BALM may win the Wharncliffe Handicap.

Friday's big race is the Prince of Wales' Nursery. ELKINGTON can get the distance, and we know him to be fit and well. FLORIST should win the Doncaster Cup. FIRST SPEAR has little to beat in the Park Hill Stakes, and HOUNAM should continue his winning sequence in the Doncaster Stakes.

On Saturday, at Alexandra Park, the best things we notice at present are WEYHILL for the Hornsey T.Y.O. Plate; SVETEC for the September Handicap; SCOTCH DUKE for the Hornsey Handicap; and VALONA for the Mile Nursery.

ANOTHER GRAND FIRST PRIZE

OF

WAR PRIZES! £250 WAR PRIZES!

AND TEN WAR PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

£250 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF **£20 each**

100 Prizes of 10/-

10 Prizes of **£2 10**

1,000 Handsome Prizes

200 Prizes of **5/-**

Bullets can be constructed only from any of these 30 Examples.

EVERY MAN'S DUTY	COSTLY ACTION	STRICTLY PROHIBITED	A FAIR TREAT	ALL AGREED
ROLLING ALONG	ANSWERING THE CALL	TRUE PATRIOTS	BACK ENTRANCE	RISKY GAME
MRS. TOMMY ATKINS	RIGHT TURN	IN THE MOONLIGHT	FIGHTING SHY	A BIG BLOT
THREATENING COMMUNICATIONS	OUR GENERAL	MARRIED BLISS	IT'S NO USE	HARBOURING THE ENEMY
CHARGING THE ENEMY	NOT EASILY MATCHED	THE MAILED FIST	TRAVELLING ALONE	STRATEGIC MOVE
STAYING AT HOME	SHAKING THEM OFF	POLICEMAN'S JOB	NEVER AT FAULT	WEARY WORK

£200 IN WAR PRIZES TO BE WON!

Closing date, Thursday, September 17th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(102) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed.....

Address.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated September 19th.

Closing date, Thursday, September 17th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(102) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii of cover.

Signed.....

Address.....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 102," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 99
See
Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "STRICTLY PROHIBITED" and take the letters "S" and "Y," using the word "FOR" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "SMOKING FOR YOUNGSTERS." From the example "WEARY WORK" the Bullet "RISING EARLY" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "RISKY GAME," using the letter "A" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "AMATEUR THINKS AVIATION."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF 99TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £100:—

Mr. P. HUNT,
11, Polden Street,
Bridgwater, Somerset.

Example:—A WAITING GAME.
Bullet:—AFTER "CAPITAL" INVESTED.

10 WAR PRIZES OF £26 EACH:—

Mr. MARK STUART, 21, Mackenzie Street, Longsight, Manchester: SECRET SERVICE—CONJURER'S "PERFECT STRANGER."
Mr. THOS. J. LITTLER, 168, Redlam, Wilton, Blackburn: JACK'S THE LAD—TO GO "SPEAKING."
Mr. H. E. SMITH, 29, St. Mary Street, Cardiff: GOOD CHEAP—HUNTY'S HIS PRESENTATION CIGARS.
Mr. R. G. CANE, Blythewood, Maldon Road, Witham, Essex: A TOUGH JOB—SUBDUING GERMAN ATROCITIES.
Mr. JOHN W. WILSON, 6, Sackville Garden, Dublin: A WAITING GAME—TARS AGAINST "WILL."
Mr. F. W. RULE, 52, Princes Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.: A WAITING GAME—TELEPHONE—LADY TALKING!
Mr. G. MEREDITH, Artro Villa, Trinity Street, Llandudno: A TOUGH JOB—AVOIDING WAR TOPIC.
Mr. JOHN C. CROFTON, 76, Castlereagh Street, New Silksworth, Co. Durham: A SLENDER FIGURE—SLOT-METER'S PENNYWORTH USUALLY.
Mr. GEORGE C. STEWART, M.B., 19, Graham's Road, Falkirk, Stirlingshire: A TOUGH JOB—BERLIN HOODWINKING AMERICA.
Mr. H. BECKLEY, 261, Neville Road, Upton Park, London, E.: A TOUGH JOB—OPTIMISM WITH TOOTHACHE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mrs. JESSIE SIMON, 39, Manley Road, Ashton-under-Lyne: A WAITING GAME—ENGLAND'S GENEROSITY NEVER.
Mr. F. DRAKE, 49, Bond Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester: BOTTLING THEM UP—MAKES "REPTILES" HARMLESS.
Mr. ARCHIBALD S. GRANT, 42, Princess Road, Seaham Harbour: A BOLD ADVANCE—"ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT" ATTEMPTED.
Mr. E. RAINBOW, 27, Grove Rd., Clapham Park, London, S.W.: IN WARLIKE GAME—"RITES" CONSOLE "LEFT."
Miss BRANSON, 1, Alice Street, Hove, Sussex: A WAITING GAME—WHO'S WAKEFUL WINS.
Mr. E. W. MIDSON, 136, Southgate Road, London, N.: SWEEPING THE SEAS—GERMANS PREFER HARBOURS.
Mr. WM. GOYNE, Victoria Chambers, Paignton: A SLENDER FIGURE—NEWSPAPERS ARE GETTING.
Mrs. T. BELSHAW, 35, Park Road, Monton, Eccles: SUPPRESSING THE NEWS—SONNY'S FOOTSTEP HEARD.
Mr. E. F. P. MORLEY, 3, Derwent Road, Stretford, Manchester: SEEING RED—SOMETIMES "YOUNG SHAVER."
Mr W J DAVIDSON, 2, Cleveland Terrace, North Shields: GERMAN SPIES—PLENTY "HANGING" ABOUT

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF £1 EACH.

ALEXANDER, J., 58, Hill Avenue, Totterdown, Bristol.
ALLISON, EDITH, 242, Town Road, Edmonton, N.
APPLEYARD, L. H., 46, Admiralty St., Stonehouse, Plymouth.
ARNOLD, H. V., 167, Great Ducie St., Strangeways, Manchester.
AUSTIN, G., 9, Athen Grove, Wimbledon Park, S.W.
BARTON, A., 240, Wigan Road, Bryn, near Wigan.
BAXTER, G., Cumberland St., Birr, King's Co., Ireland.
BELL, H. C., 4, Norfolk Road, Gravesend.
BENNETT, C. C., 58, Salter Gate, Chesterfield.
BERTRAM, M. (Miss), 60, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh.
BLACKBURN, G. A., Claremont, Batley, Yorks.
BOUGHTWOOD, W. A., Rainsford Lane, Chelmsford.
BRADBURY (Mrs.), 35, Pembridge Road, Bayswater, W.
BRAY, W. F., 1, The Crescent, Wisbech.
BRIGHT, M. E. (Mrs.), Ponthafren, Newtown, Montgomery.
BROCKLEY, W., 11, Speakman Street, Runcorn, Cheshire.
BROWN, A. E. (Mrs.), Beechen Villa, Barrington Rd., Altrinch'm
BRYAN, E. V., New Street, Honiton, Devon.
BURTON, H., 19, Byton Street, Amble, Northumberland.
BURTON, E. (Miss), 98, Wood Vale, Lordship Lane, E. Dulwich.
CARRADUS, J., 48, Dale Street, Lancaster.
CARE, E. H. (Mrs.), 34, Bedford Street, Plymouth.
CHECKETTS, J. C. 70, Oak Road, West Bromwich.
CHOLERTON, L. (Miss), 2, Mill Street, Old Basford, Nottingham.
COLEMAN, J., 49, Northampton Road, Market Harborough.
COURTNEY, M., Beach Cottage, Shanklin, I.O.W.
COOK, M., Cassier Street, Shrewsbury.
COSGROVE, E. T. (2nd Lieut.), 3rd Batn. Manchester Regt., Grimsby.
COTTIS, G., 156, High Road, Waltham Cross, Herts.
DAVIS, R. E., 37, Lewis Road, Neath.
DAWSON, S., 22, Walton Cres., Lower Walton, Warrington.
DAWSON, H. (Miss), 12, Boyndie Street, Banff, N.B.
DERBYSHIRE, C., Weston Coyney, Stoke-on-Trent.
DEWAR (Trooper), L.O.F., 1, Cunningham Place, Leith.
DICKSON, T. D., 37, Wyresdale Road, Bolton, Lancs.
DUCKWORTH, A., Thorn Bank, Smithy Bridge, Rochdale.
DYSON, G. W., 24, Clarkehouse Road, Sheffield.
FIELD, A. (Mrs.), 36, Bensham Manor, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
FITZGERALD, P., Rylane, Co. Cork.
FLEMING, F., 19, Carysfort Road, Crouch End, N.
FRASER, W., 41, Kingsland Crescent, Barry Dock, Glam.
GREEN, J. A., 101, Harberton Road, Highgate, N.
GREEN, S., 22, Station Street, Spalding, Lincs.
GUBBY, J., 8, Martin's Lane, Church St., Workington, Cumbd.
HARLOW, C. J., 25, Westbury Road, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent.
HARRISON, A., 128, Lloyd Street, C.-on-M., Manchester.
HARRIS, J., 1, Brunswick Road, Gloucester.
HERCHELL, W., 18, King's Mount, Birkenhead.
HILLAM, L., 'Bus Driver, National Steam 'Bus Co., Nunhead Lane, Peckham, S.E.
HOLMES, R. (Miss), 20, Frederick Street, Sunderland.
HUGHES, B. (Miss), Weir Farm, Montford Bridge, Shrewsbury.
HUNT, J. P., 23, Pitsford Street, Birmingham.
JOHNSTON, G. T., 161, St. George's Road, Hull.
KAYE, G., Bromyard, near Worcester.
KENNEDY, F., 13, St. Nicholas Street, Coventry.
KENNEDY, A. C., 117, Rathgar Road, Dublin.
KING (Mrs.), 14, Summerhill Terr., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
LEWIS, G. P., 23, Jesse Terrace, Reading, Berks.
LINDSAY, ALICE, 30, Chapel Lane, Formby, Liverpool.
LETHBRIDGE, (S.-Sergt.), A. O. C., Frenchman's Battery, South Shields.
LUFF, E. (Mrs.), 1, Winifred Villas, Heresen Rd., Ramsgate.
LYNCH, I. D., 12, Hackins Hey, Liverpool.
MARSH, R., 5, Dam s Road, Forest Gate.
MATTHEWS, F., 7, Elm Terrace, Mullion R.S.O., Cornwall.
MEADOWS, H., 46, Pennington Road, Bolton.
METCALFE, E. A. (Mrs.), 75, Brougham St., Skipton-in-Craven.
MCALLISTER, H., 40, Kerr Street, Portrush, Ireland.
MCMILLAN, J., 3, Underwood Lane, Paisley, Scotland.
MCWILLIAM, W., 24, Bridge Street, Southampton.
MOFFAT (Mrs.), Georgina Villa, Kelty, Fife.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. E. Sykes, Newsagent, 137, High-st., Portsmouth, from Thursday, September 10, and at those of Mr. F. Garrett, Newsagent, 40, Russell-st., Southsea, from Monday, September 14.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Shaftesbury Hall, Kingston-rd., Portsmouth.

MOORE, W., 32, Berkley St [illegible]
MORLEY, J. W., 57, Culshaw Str. Burnley, Lancs.
MOSELEY, W., 2, Caldmore Rd., Walsall.
NINIAN, N. R., 10, John Street, East Bridgeton, Glasgow.
OWEN, J. E., 27, Crawford Terrace, Ashton-under-Lyne.
PEEVER, J., Dudleston Cycle Depot, Ellesmere.
PEPPER, E. E. (Miss), 28, Buckland Av., Dover.
PHILLIMORE, J. (Mrs.), Gore's Lane, Hilcott near Pewsey, Wilts.
ROBINSON, W., 1, Moncreiffe Terrace, Craigie, Perth.
ROSEMARY, 11, Windsor Rd., Denmark Hill.
ROWLANDS, H., 30, Llwyn Rd., Oswestry.
RUFFELL, M., 77, Hitherley Rd., Southampton.
SALMON, F. R. (Mrs.), 115, Minard Road, Catford, S.E.
SAUNDERS, A., 10, Walpole Street, Wolverhampton.
SCUTT, B. (Mrs.) 9, Thornton Hill, Exeter.
SHARPE, D. (Miss), Redlands, Moulsham, Chelmsford, Essex.
SHERMAN, (Mrs.), Woodstock Villa, Ash Vale.
SMALLBRIDGE, J. G., 1, Roath Court Place, Cardiff.
SMITH, B., 20, Boar Lane, Leeds.
SPARROW, F. C., 36, Dynevor St., Gloucester.
SPROSTON, J. C., Y.M.C.A., Leicester.
TOWLE, A., Somersby Road, Tetford, Lincs.
TURNER, F., 5, Blenheim Square, Leeds.
WALSH, A. E., 118, Handsworth Road, Blackpool.
WARWICK, M., 1, Sussex Terrace, Purfleet,
WELLS, D. (Miss), Wonford, Reigate, Surrey.
WESTWATER, A., Ridgemount, Seaview Rd., Parkstone, Dorset.
WHITE, D. (Miss), 2[illegible], West Street, Fareham, Hants.
WILSON, A. B., 25, Dalby St., Longsight, Manchester.
WOOD, M. E. (Miss), Hayley Green House, Lutley, Stourbridge.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 10s. each.

CAHILL, J. S., C.P.O. H.M. "Mine Sweeper," Maun 122, Devonport.
CANDY, A. W., 34, Bramfield Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
CARLESS, A. W., 28, High Street, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.
CARTWRIGHT, H., 15, Hill Street, Lye, near Stourbridge.
CARTER, Sgt.-Major, J.H., 4th Hussars, Curragh Camp, Ireland.
CASTLE, E. E. Packington, Meriden, Coventry.
CHAPMAN, F. J., Land's End Wireless Stn. St. Just, Cornwall.
CHRISTOPHER, R., P.O. Maine Street, Sacriston.
CLIFFE, A. H., Corn Hey, Woodhouse Lane, Ashton-on-Mersey.
COCHRANE, A. F., c.o. Chambers, 92, Canning Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow.
COLLISHAW, T., Garton End, Peterboro'.
COLLINS, W. T., Llwynon Stores, Merthyr.
CONNOR, S. O. E., 8, Townhall Street, Enniskillen.
COOKE, E., 61, Sherwood Street, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts.
COOPER, A. E., Musical Director, Olympia, West Bromwich.
COOKE, H., 188, Lordship Lane, East Dulwich, S.E.
CRAIG, F., 88, Minard Road, Partick Hill, Glasgow.
CREES, H., 4, Grimthorpe Terrace, Headingley, Leeds.
CULL, A. B., Millfield Street, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent.
DAVIS, F., 22, Bedford Place, Southampton:

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 24, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, September 17th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered insufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"TAKE my tip, invest in a Clemak and you'll feel as I do—in the *very* pink.
It's a grand little razor, the Clemak. Gets the growth off in next-to-no-time, and leaves the skin smooth as velvet.
CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-
The Clemak begins being better than other razors in the blade. The keen cutting edge of the Clemak blade comes as a revelation even to experienced users of "Safeties." Clemak blades are made exclusively for Clemak Razors, and owe their superiority, their marvellous edge-retaining properties, to special processes of manufacture. In other points, too, the Clemak excels. It's so simple, a novice can use it, and so good that money cannot buy a better razor. No bars, plates or screws to remove, and no adjustment required. Easily stropped—easily cleaned. By using a Clemak you'll shave in half the time with double the comfort.
Made as well and shaves as well as any Guinea Razor.
5/- Clemak Razor and Seven Blades in neat case as above.
A Triple Silver-Plated Razor, Twelve specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with velvet hide Strop 10/6
OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c.,
or post free from
CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, BILLITER ST., LONDON.
The Clemak Book will interest you.
Write for a Copy to-day.

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